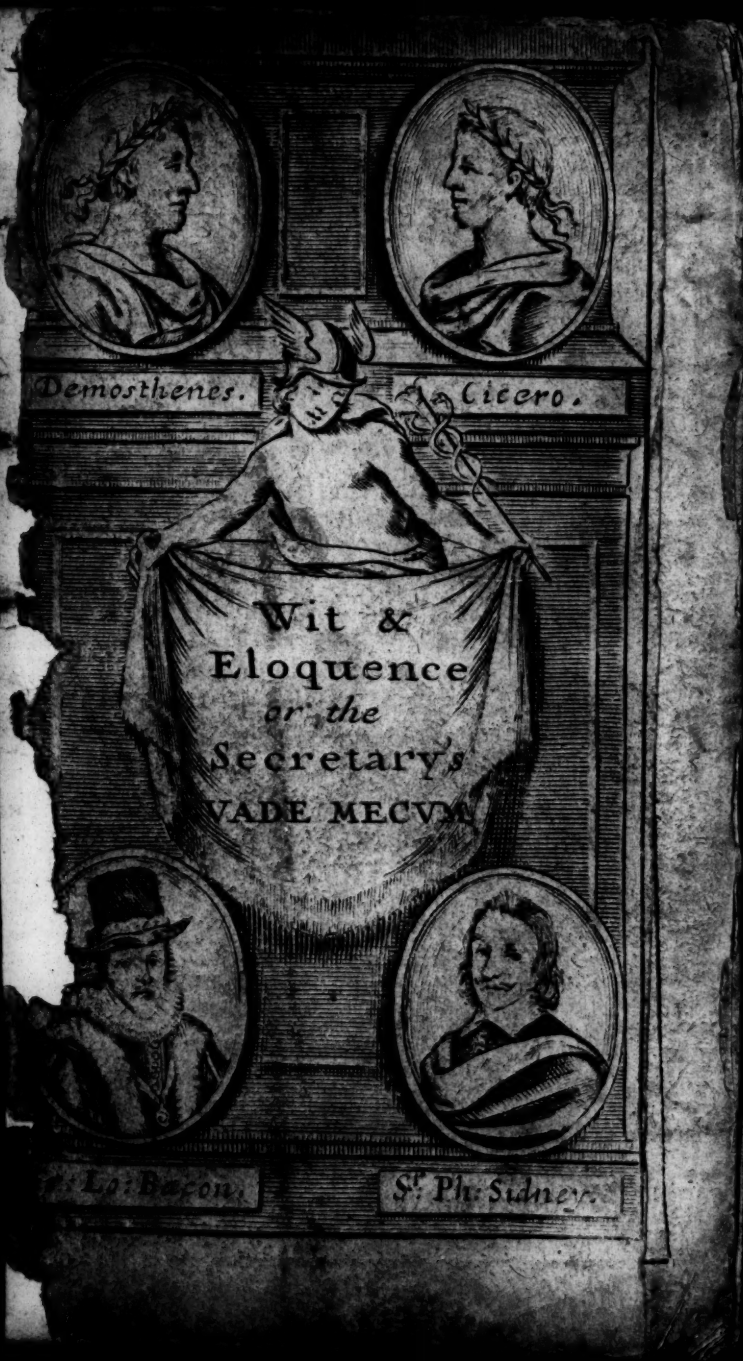
Demosthenes.
Cicero.
Wit &
Eloquence
or the
Secretary's
VADE MECVM
Lo: Bacon.
Sr. Ph: Sidney.

Mary Hicks her Book

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

READER,

I *Preſent you with a Royal Poſie, made up of the choiceſt Flowers of Wit and Eloquence, ſo fram'd and order'd, that it muſt conſequently be pleaſing to all Degrees and Capacities: So mix'd and interwoven with Variety of whatever is delightful, that, even intrenching ſomewhat on the ſtrict Rules of Modeſty, I am conſtrain'd to ſay, it exceeds all of this kind. By it, either Sex may abundantly benefit their Underſtandings, and enlarge their Fancies to an immenſe Degree, in finding what they never hit on before in all their tedious Search or Readings.*

I muſt needs confeſs, that ſomething to this purpoſe has been eſſay'd by divers curious Pens, and have gain'd a good Eſteem; but it was never brought to ſo high a Pitch, nor have ſo

many different Subjects, link'd to one another like a Golden Chain, been compriz'd in ſo ſmall, nay, even the much larger Compaſs of any Volume. Pleaſure and Profit ſpring up and intertwine like Roſes and Geſſimine, that with over-ſpreading Shades grace ſome ſtately Bower, affording Coelneſs and Fragrancy. But, leſt I ſhould be ſuſpected of Partiality, it will be convenient that I ſay little more in Commendation of a Work that is of Ability to plead and ſet forth its own Cauſe to the World, into which it has enter'd even in theſe Cenſorious Times, without any Fear or Scruple of being treated ill, unleſs it has the hard Fortune by meer Chance to fall into the Hands of one, perhaps, among a Multitude, whoſe good Nature never extended it ſelf, but to his own Off-ſpring: Yet, be it as it will, it ſhall not ask ſuch Leave to live, but do it in ſpite of all they can object. So, in expectation of pleaſing the good humour'd and honeſt Part of Mankind, who are not carry'd away with Prejudice, I remain,

READER,

Your moſt faithful Friend
and Servant,

E. S.

PLAIN

DIRECTIONS

For Inditing

LETTERS

On ſundry Occaſions.

With LETTERS and ANSWERS on various Subjects and Matters, as they relate to Love, Buſineſs, Friendſhip, Viſit, Commendation, Conſolation and Familiar Letters, in a curious Stile, never before made publick.

Some Inſtructions for the better Underſtanding how to write Letters, and their Uſefulneſs, &c.

TO write Letters in a Curious and Elegant Strain, ſuited to the various Occaſions that often requires nicity, and ſoundneſs of Judgment, that the Stile, as well as the different Wordings, may be anſwerable to the Per-

ſon's Character you write to, and Matter the Letter is charged with, that there may be a kind of Harmony and apt Coherence, taking with the Reader, and wining upon his Affections, to comply with what is deſired in many particulars, as the various Imergencies of Buſineſs, Obligations, Friendſhip, Paſſion in Love, and Things of the like nature, frame *Ideas* to the mind of the writer, in expectation of favourable Replies, or ſucceſs.

Letters, next to the Voice, are the beſt Expreſſers of what we intend, wiſh, requeſt, or any way deſire to be obliged with our ſelves, or to oblige others withall that we Love, and wiſh well: And it is a Friendly Correſpondence at a diſtance, Serviceable in all Employs that are publick, as well as in private Affairs, and many this way may expreſs their Minds more pleaſing to themſelves, and others, than in words, eſpecially Words Unpremeditated, they are able; for the Mind thus Communicated, the Paper bluſhes not, nor can be daſhed out of Countenance, as many are that bear too much on their Verbal Eloquence, or Oratory, beſides it remains as it was, and the Reader has it by him to refreſh his Memory, and frame his Anſwer Correſpondent to it, when Words could not afford that help, as being apt to ſlip out of the Memory, eſpecially if no immediate Anſwer is proper to be given, as in many Caſes it cannot be reaſonably expected.

When you indite a Letter, (as I have hinted) Conſider well to whom you direct it, and on what Occaſion: If to Noble, or Ingenious Perſons, ſuit your Stile accordingly: If to thoſe of mean Capacities and Fortunes, Render your Words and Phraſes not only eaſy, and Intelliga-

ble

ble to them, but Couch your Sentiments so as they may agree in every thing to be well taken for Complements, or strains of Eloquence to an inferiour Person, or one of mean Capacity, either makes such conclude you jear, or banter, or renders it unintelligable, and so consequently it comes short of their Esteem, and your Expectation, though in a smooth and easy strain it is proper to use such Words and Expressions as may Insinuate into their good liking, unless in Letters of Reproof for Vices they are guilty of, or Reproach for Ingratitude, neglect of Favours received, or apparent Injuries done to you, or others, on whose behalf you may have occasion to write.

I might enlarge on this Theam, which has been highly prized and Laboured by the Learned and Ingenious of all Ages, but since Presidents have all a-long been held more edefying than Precepts, and better Instructive to every Capacity, I shall follow my usual Method in making but short Introductions to the several Subjects: I intend to Expose to your Serious and weighty Considerations, by whose Approbation or Dislike, they are to stand or fall, and as I have chosen Letters for my first Enterance on this Work, I shall give you Samples of such choice ones, fitted to all Occasions and Degrees of Persons, as never before were made publick in Writing or Print; out of which you may cull what is at any time proper for your use, at least with a little variation adapt them to suit your Affairs, be they of what nature or kind soever, to please your self, and those you Writ to, or by the drift of these to Frame such as your necessary Occasions require, for it cannot be expected I should fit examples to

every ones Humour, but ſuch as I have layed down, will undoubtedly be pleaſing and advantagious to all.

A Letter of Addreſs from a Gentleman to a Lady.

Madam,

SInce I have eſteemed it a happineſs beyond Expreſſion, to be bleſſed with a few moments of your Converſation, in gratitude for that favour, I am conſtrained humbly to addreſs you, though at an awful diſtance, and make this Letter the Meſſenger of my weak Acknowledgment, to lay before you thoſe Thanks for the Obligations you heaped upon me, which without ſome confuſion and diſorder I could not in your preſence ſo conveniently Expreſs; for looking on your Beauteous Face with ſteady Eyes, cannot but ſtrike the ſmootheſt Orator either Dumb, when he goes about at firſt to unboſom his Thoughts, or put Stamering on his Tongue, and interrupt the flowing of his Eloquence. Pardon me then, if by this way I am imboldened to let you know your Perfections have gained a Conqueſt over me, and the chain I am bound with is too ſtrong to be ſundered, but by Death: This may ſeem ſtrange and ſurprizing to you, and, indeed, I have concealed it as long as it was in my power, and had not dared at this time, conſidering the little merit I can pretend to, to move ſo far, had not my ſtrugling Paſſion compelled me to ſeek Eaſe, by giving it a vent this way, and all the tender pitties that, like a pomp of wining Graces, wait on your compaſſionating Virtues, made room

for

for this Approach: Let it then meet you in a ſmiling minute, when nothing has intruded to diſcompoſe your ſereen Temper, and bleſs theſe Lines with the warm rays of thoſe bright Eyes, whoſe Light alone can unbenight a mind that Wanders now in Paths of Doubts and Fears, and muſt be Loſt on the dark mountains of Diſpair, if that relief be wanting: O! then be kind, as you are fair, and ſend a Line or two to tell me, (without offending) I may ſee you once again, that in my Looks (if words ſhould fail) you may at leiſure Read the Paſſions of my Soul, and kindly heal the Wounds that you have made: In earneſt Expectation of ſo ineſtimable a favour, I remain

Madam,

Your moſt humble and devoted Servant,

R. C.

The Anſwer, in a doubtful manner.

SIR,

IN a hurry of important Affairs I received your Letter, and was much ſurprized to find what I the leaſt of all Expected. It ſeemed to me at firſt a ſtrain of Gallentry, uſed by ſome to expatiate their Wit and Eloquence; but on more ſerious thoughts I knew it not your Cuſtom to be ſo vehement in Expreſſions, without ſome real Cauſe, tho' I muſt truly own our Acquaintance ſhort, and therefore you cannot reaſonably expect, that without Bluſhes I have conſtrained my Self to ſend theſe Lines at your Requeſt; yet by

the Character I have received from others of your Worth, I think I am not miſtaken in you; and without ſtraining modeſty, or the niceſt Rules Cuſtom has tied our Sex to walk by, I may ſo far gratify a Gentleman of your Extract and Ingenuity, as to admit a Viſit; but as for Love, that has hitherto been a ſtranger to my Breaſt, nor is it for Woman to Entertain ſo ſubtil a Gueſt on a ſuddain, by whoſe Power and Policy ſo many of our Sex have been betrayed and ruined, therefore when you come expect me on my Guard, till I am aſſured by time, and all the virtuous ways Love can be tried, that I have no Enemy to deal withall; however preſume not on this condeſcending, that I am now reſolved to part with my Heart to any, yet calm your troubled Thoughts, and hope the beſt, but let not hopes run higher than you have reaſon to expect, leſt by fruſtration your Mallady grow worſe, if it be really already as you have imparted it, and ſo leaving you to weigh what I have ſaid, and make your Viſit ſhort and ſeaſonable, my Houſe is at your ſervice; and ſo I reſt in Friendſhip, and no more at preſent,

Your Well-wiſher,

M. G.

A Letter from one Friend to another.

SIR,

SInce you have taken your ſelf from me, I have found my ſelf not a little uneaſy, as it were altogether alone, for where the Mind (like the Turtle) wants its Mate, or familiar Converſation, even

even in Crouds, it ſeems to be deſtitute of Company, becauſe not agreable to it, and therefore rather troubleſom than facetious and conſorting; as for your Affairs I will conclude them very Urgent and Weighty, that they may Excuſe to me the Suggeſtions that otherwiſe might ſtart up, to charge on you a neglect of Friendſhip, therefore I will perſwade my ſelf the Cauſe of delay beyond the promiſed time, is not in your Will, but neceſſity, and ſo look upon it more your Misfortune than your fault; however wind up the Clue of your Negotiations as faſt as you can, and ſnap off ſome knotty, or trivial ends of little moment, and Sacrifice them to my impatient deſires of Enjoying your good Company, and in ſo doing you will highly Oblige

Yours, in the ſtricteſt Ties of
Amity and Friendſhip,

B. D.

The Anſwer.

My dear Friend,

YOU have indeed Cauſe to chide me, for my neglect of returning punctually at my time, and I with a willing patience bear the Reproof, becauſe it is juſt, but my greateſt grief is, that my abſence is ſo irkſom to you, though at the ſame time, ſome Sparkles of joy dart into the Chaos of Sorrow, and Enlighten it, when I conſider that our Friendſhip is real, Cordial and Subſtantial; you have rightly concluded, it is not a concern of little Moment that has detained me from you, but of ſuch value that even the Charmingeſt

Miſtreſs

Miſtreſs neither by Commands, nor Tears, could make me leave it unfiniſhed, nor when ſhe heard my Reaſons could think her ſelf injured in my diſobeying. Pardon me, dear Friend, for this uncouth Compariſon, for the name of Friendſhip, ſounds more Muſical in my ear than that of Love, and ſtriks more harmoniouſly on the Strings of my Heart; but to be plain, ſince I came down into the Country my Uncle, after a ſhort ſickneſs died, made me his Heir, and his Eſtate ſeems yet unſettled, requiring time to do it, which I will diſpatch with all celerity, and then no Wind nor Weather ſhall part us Long: The only Fault in this I can charge my ſelf guilty off is, my not Writing to you to let you know the true cauſe of my ſtay beyond my limited time; this I own, and ought to be chid for; but a conceit came into my mind, that at our next meeting, the Surprizing News would the more Compleat your happineſs, but ſince you have before hand wrung it from me, leaſt returning no reaſonable Excuſe, I ſhould be ſuſpected of luke-warmneſs in Friendſhip, I hope it will be ſome ſatisfaction to you, and plead on my behalf: So in expectation very ſpeedily to be with you, and ſatisfy you in what elſe you ſhall deſire to know, I am

Your unalterable Friend in all Reſpects,

C. G.

A Letter from a Father to a Son, to Exhort him to a Virtuous Sober Life.

SON,

I Have taken occaſion to write to you out of a Fatherly Tenderneſs for your Good and Wel-

Well-fare, minding you that being ſeperated many Miles, you have regard to thoſe Precepts I have all along layed down for your Inſtruction; be cautious to avoid the Snares and Subtilties of ſuch as are Induſtrious to intrap and miſlead Youth, in the ruinous ways of Vice, whoſe Attendants are Shame and Diſgrace; let not the Tempting Smiles of Beauty, miſguide you from the Road of Virtue, leſt blindfoldly ruſhing on ruin when your Eies are opened, by ſad Experience you find too late the Miſeries that attend on thoſe unhappy Enterprizes to the confuſion of your ſelf, inexpreſſible grief of your Parents, and bringing a ſtain on your Poſterity, and of this many fatal Examples are extant, which ſhould ſtand as Sea-marks to others, to keep them from ſpliting on the dangerous Rocks of Folly and Madneſs; Virtue in it ſelf is lovely, and had it no reward it is to be deſired, whilſt vice is Trobleſom and tedious to Life imbitters the ſeeming pleaſures it brings, and as Virtue embalms and preſerves a good Name, ſo Vice corrupts and deſtroys it, making it periſh before it is well known to have a being in your Recreations; be moderate, and rather let them appear your diverſion, than look any ways as if you made them your buſineſs, conſider to what end you was ſent into the World, and level your Aim at the Center of true Happineſs, and ſo by all the ways of Virtue, and a ſober Life, be kind to your ſelf, as you are dear to your Parents, ſo ſhall the Coſt, Labour and tender care beſtowed on you, turn to their expected ends, that all ſides may rejoice, and no repinings found, which is the earneſt wiſh, and hearty deſire of

Your tender and ever loving Father, R. P.

The

The Answer.

Honoured Sir,

I Have received your Letter of good Advice, and find in it the constant current of your tender Affections towards me, and am constrained in all Obedience to acknowledge my self infinitely bound and indebted to you, the Author (next to Heaven) of my being, and well being, though like a poor Bankrupt, I finding my self unable to repay what you have so liberally Intrusted me withall, yet so as I can, the willingness of my mind, shall Express in the whole business of my Life, the desire I have to make you all the Satisfaction I am able, though it will prove too poor a Return, and you may justly claim it as the Interest of your Goodness, whilst I must ever stand Indebted to you for the Principle: And as a greatful Begining, That Vice you charge me to shun I shall avoid as Blasting, Lightning, or the Threatning of Tempestеous Clouds big with Thunder-bolts; your Example has showed me the way of Virtue and Sobriety, and heitherto I have found such pleasure and contentment in them, that no inticing gaudy Delusions, Vanities, or gilded pleasures have power to turn my eyes after them: In this I labour to be known your Son, and if you had no worldly Estate to leave me, should conclude my self abundantly Rich in becoming the Heir of your Virtues, the Thoughts of which is to me such a satisfactory Treasure, that the *India*'s with all their Mountains shining Gold, shall not purchase it. So entreating you to rest assured, that nothing shall make me degenerate from so good and Loving a Father, in the

the Minuteſt Point, as far as I am able to copy ſo worthy a Pattern, with my earneſt Prayers for your Length of Days, laſting Health and Happineſs, I now, and to the lateſt Period of my Life, ſhall remain,

Your moſt obedient and dutiful Son, C. P.

A Letter of thanks for favours Received.

Worthy Sir,

HAving no Returns at preſent in my power, but a Greatful Acknowledgment for the many Favours you have heaped upon me, and the good Offices you have done me, with all Submiſſion I humbly intreat you to accept this Tribute of Thankfulneſs, and all the ſtedfaſt Promiſes that can flow from one not uſed to flatter, or break his Word where he is able to keep it, that the future Buſineſs of my Life ſhall be mainly devoted to your Service: And if any thing my poor Endeavours are capable to ſet forth may prove worthy of your Acceptance, I ſhall conclude I have gain'd a Height, that at preſent, though with little hopes of attaining, I am aſpiring to; yet, cheriſhing my Deſires to ſerve you all manner of ways I can conceive proper to make you a weak Amends, let me beg, you would conſtrue my good meaning for the beſt; ſo ſhall my Encouragement redouble, and ſprout up in a Crop of Gratitude, to produce a Harveſt manur'd by Time to your Advantage. So, in hopes of your continued Favours, and good Opinion, I humbly ſubſcribe my ſelf,

SIR, *An Honourer of your Virtues, and moſt obliged Servant to command,* A.C.

The

The Slighted Lover, to his Scornful Mistress.

MADAM,

COmpell'd by a Passion, over which I have no Command, but am constrain'd to follow its Dictates, I have presum'd once more to persecute you with these Lines; lowly begging Pardon if herein I offend, beseeching you to excuse it on the Score of that Love your Beauty has fixed in a disturb'd and much afflicted Mind, that before was calm as a Halcion Sea, whose Waves lie smooth and unrumpled by the least Breathings of the Wind; till unhappily, like an unadvised Mariner, not taking the Warning of others, or foreseeing the Storm, I rashly launch'd too far into the Deep to recover at my pleasure the safe Haven I left; and now am driving to and fro, as the bandying Billows of Hope and Despair are pleased to carry me: Reason, my Pilot, in vain labours to guide the Helm, and item the Torrent of the many Miseries that are foreseen and likely to befall me. My Hope, which is the Compass to guide me to you, my desired Happiness, moves uncertain, as clog'd with the crouding Dangers of thickening Despair, which is forming it self into a more violent Tempest than Words can express, gathering new Force from your Frowns, to shipwreck the Man that is no ways able to resist his Destiny; who finds no Means to save him in the Overwhelmings of his Misfortune, unless you, who are Commandress of his Fate, step in, and stretch forth your Hand to save him from sinking; or with the sun-shine of your Smiles dispel the benighting Clouds that involve him. If Sighs and Tears can move that Pity in you, they are

not

not wanting. Oh, be kind, as you are fair! and then my Leaſe of Life will be renew'd: But if your Frowns and Scorns continue, the ſhorter time I live, the happier will it be for him, who, with his parting Breath, will not fail to breath Bleſſings on you. However, in a doubtful Expectation after all, that you pardon, and receive me into your Favour, I humbly crave Leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf

Your devoted Servant in Life or Death, W. G.

A Letter of Conſolation to a Lady, on the Death of her Husband, &c.

MADAM,

I Have taken a Freedom to intrude on your Solitude, and ſend theſe few Lines to find you out in your melancholy Retirement. Cauſe you have to grieve for ſo ſenſible and irreparable a Loſs; and my Tears would flow equal with yours, were they capable of repairing it, or bringing back from the Grave what is laid up in the gloomy Regions of Death till the Morning of the Reſurrection. But ſince neither Millions of flowing Eyes, nor the Riches of the Univerſe, can purchaſe his Return, or reſtore your departed Happineſs, Reaſon bids you moderate your Grief, and not impair your Health for a Loſs that is out of the Reach of Time, and can be no more till the Commencement of Eternity. Let it ſatisfie you, that you have had ſo large a Portion of Contentment; and think that all things below are tranſitory and fading, that nothing is long at a ſtay,

ſtay, that Time winds off our Lives, and we are already dead to that which is paſt, and know not how much we ſhall enjoy of that which is to come. Conſider then, that to live well is our only Buſineſs, and that a vertuous Life embalms our Names even in the Duſt; and ſince we have ſo ſmall Aſſurance of any thing we otherwiſe ſeem to prize, let it be ſufficient, that Dying well is a Bleſſing not ſo well underſtood as it ought. And ſince this has been the Happineſs of the Deceaſed, your immoderate Sorrow for his Departure, were it not excuſed by ſo entire an Affection as you bore him, would look as if you envy'd him the Bleſſedneſs he is gone to poſſeſs: And that Spirit that is now freed from the Cares and Incumbrances of this Life, were it ſenſible of your Grief, would, paſt all peradventure, chide you for it. Be kind to your ſelf then, in not ſuffering your tender Mind to be wounded with Arrows that drink up your Spirits. Be not ſorrowful like thoſe without Hope, but raiſe your Soul on the Wings of Conſolation; and let it be your Joy, though now you are parted, that one Day you ſhall meet again, never to be ſeparated, but be united in an eternal and unalterable State, to joy in Seraphick Love, which here was but ſhadow'd to you, and imperfect; ſuch a tranſcendent, exalted Love, as far exceeds the Expreſſions of Men or Angels. Therefore, to conclude, lay all Exceſs of Grief aſide on this Account, ſince no Sorrow, but for Sin, is available; and ſo you will better pleaſe God, befriend your ſelf, and anſwer the Expectations of the Well-wiſher to your Health and proſperous Eſtate: Who begs Leave to ſubſcribe himſelf, MADAM,

Your Friend to ſerve you, R. T.

A Letter

A Letter of Advice from a Mother to a Daughter.

Dear Daughter,

SInce your Abſence my Thoughts have not been unemploy'd to ſtudy what may redound to your Good. You cannot be inſenſible how careful and tender I have been over you, with all the reaſonable Indulgence of an Affectionate Parent, to cultivate your ſprouting Years in the Ways of Vertue. Now you are in the Bloom of your Age, be wiſe and careful in what you undertake; let no vain Imaginations wander in your Mind, let Pride be a Stranger to you, and look on Flattery with Deteſtation, leſt they prove Snares to intrap your Vertue; and then a World of Misfortunes will, like a Torrent, break in upon you, not to be ſtayed. Keep your Eyes from alluring Objects, leſt they prove Inlets to betray your Heart, and lead you beyond the Guidance of Reaſon, and ſo you ſtumble on your Ruin. In all your Words and Actions be modeſt and ſober, courteous and humble: Shun affected Ways, and let Vanity have no place in you. Let your Converſation be with the Grave and Serious: Shut your Ears to what is obſcene, or profane; let them not be the Conveyers of any thing to your Soul that may fix the leaſt Blemiſh or Stain on it; but in all things ſo order your Affairs, and behave your ſelf, that the moſt Cenſorious may have nothing to faſten on you to your prejudice. If you are diſpos'd to alter your Condition, let nothing be done in it without mature Deliberation; let no haſty Paſſion ſurprize you: Rather make choice of the Beauty of the Mind, than Comlineſs

of

of the Body: And in ſo weighty an Affair, truſt not too fondly to your own Judgment, but be adviſ'd by thoſe who are more knowing than your ſelf; always making Paſſion ſubordinate to ſound Judgment and Reaſon. Much more I might intimate to you; but, not to be over-tedious, this at preſent may ſerve to direct to what may further you in the Degrees of Vertue, that growing up in them to a height, you may intail to your ſelf and your Poſterity a good Name, which will embalm your Memory more laſting than Beauty, Riches or Honour: Which that it may ſucceed, is the cordial Wiſh of

Your Affectionate Mother, A. D.

A Letter from a Gentleman, to his Miſtreſs, whom he had offended, to beg her Pardon.

MADAM,

LIke a trembling, guilty Priſoner, I prepare to receive my Sentence from your fair Lips; and yet, before it paſſes on me, I muſt beg leave to ſay, I am not ſo criminal as I have been repreſented; yet, not to contend, I willingly ſubmit my ſelf to your impartial Senſure, without extenuating my Offence: But if an ingenuous Confeſſion of my Crime, or a hearty Sorrow conceiv'd at the Senſe of it, can any ways attone to gain Compaſſion, that theſe are not wanting in me, conſider before you paſs my Doom, that the Affliction I ſuffer for having dared to give the leaſt Cauſe of Diſpleaſure to ſo much exalted Goodneſs is already a great Puniſhment to me; and if you add

add a Mite of your ſevere Reſentment to it, I muſt unavoidably ſink under it. My Crime, again, was more my Misfortune, than my Fault; and therefore may ſtand ſomewhat fairer for Pardon, or at leaſt, the Abatement of the Rigour I by wilful offending might juſtly have merited. You are fair as the Expanſe of Heaven, ſpangled with all its Seeds of Light; and as Mercy is found there for humble Penitents, ſo you being a Copy externally of that viſible Brightneſs, cannot but internally ſympathize with it in Goodneſs, which will render you yet more lovely. But, however you determine to deal with me, void of repining, I patiently ſubmit; and will not only labour in ſome meaſure to expiate my Offence, but ever remain

Your ſenſibly afflicted and ſorrowful Servant, A.G.

The Anſwer.

SIR,

THough the Reſentment of the Injury done to my Fame is ſo great, that I might juſtly have refuſed to return any Anſwer; yet, conceiving what you writ to me was from the Sincerity of your Heart, you ſhall ſee, upon your returning Repentance, that I am not inexorable, but, though ſenſible of the Injury done me, can condeſcend to pardon, but not admit you to the Station you held in my Eſteem, till by pregnant Proofs or Demonſtration I am entirely ſatisfied your Repentance is unfeigned: And I muſt caution you by the way, that till then you appear not to me, leſt you ſtart into another Tranſgreſſion; which though leſs capital, yet from that Moment

I ſhall

I ſhall for ever blot you out of the fair Record of my Kindneſs, wherein once I enrolled you. So leaving the reſt to your diſcreet and prudent Conduct, I ſhall not go on with any further Admonition, but remain, as you behave your ſelf,

Your Friend to ſerve you, M. N.

A Letter of Thanks to a Perſon of Honour, for Favours and Benefits received.

May it pleaſe your Honour,

IN Expectation of Pardon for this Preſumption, I humbly take the Boldneſs to return you my moſt unfeigned Thanks for the many Favours you have heap'd on me, though in my own eſteem not worthy of them, therefore I am juſtly compell'd to attribute all to your Goodneſs and Compaſſion; for which I tender to your Honour, as the beſt Offering I am at preſent able to make, a ſubmiſſive Acknowledgment; and hope Time may enable me to do ſomething that may be worthy of your Notice, if the whole Buſineſs of the remaining Days I have to live can furniſh out ought that may in ſome moderate degree be pleaſing to you, ſo as you may own it as the Product of your Bounty, though it then may appear but a poor Return; however, graced with your Acceptance, it will raiſe it in value in mine and the World's Eſteem. Wherefore, beſeeching your Honour to have a favourable Opinion of the Willingneſs of my Mind to ſerve you in every thing I may, I do with all Submiſſion to, and Reliance on your Goodneſs,

Goodneſs, humbly beg Leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf

Your Hon.our's moſt dutiful and obliged Servant, A.E.

A Letter from a Wife to her Husband.

My Dear,

YOur Abſence from me being more tedious than you can eaſily conceive, I find my ſelf conſtrain'd to mind you of a ſpeedy Return. Time, that ſeem'd when you was here to run too faſt, now ſeems tediouſly to move, as if its Wheels were clog'd, and Minutes had took up the ſpace of Hours; the Nights are reſtleſs, and the Days unpleaſant to me; my Wiſhes and my Hopes are troubleſome, ſince they come crowding on unanſwer'd: Pardon me then if I muſt chide, and tax you with Unkindneſs, ſince the Time ſet for your Return is already paſt; and when I ſhall warm your Lips with Kiſſes remains to me as yet uncertain. Take not this, however, in the worſt Senſe, nor think it over-fondneſs: However, I leave you partly to your Liberty in thoſe Particulars, ſo you will ſpeedily gratifie me in returning home. I pleaſe my ſelf ſometimes indeed, in reflecting that it muſt be weighty Affairs, unexpectedly fallen out, that detain you; or elſe I might, upon ſudden Starts of Imagination, be apt to tax you with Lukewarmneſs or Indifferency in Affection. But however things ſtand, ſend me your Anſwer, or rather bring it your ſelf: Till then I remain,

Your loving, though impatient Wife, A. G.

The

The Answer.

HONEY,

I Am sorry I have not in so long a time written to you, to inform you of the Occasion of my so long Absence; I wanted no good Will to do it, but a Conveniency of sending it, being so far out of the Post-Road, about urgent Affairs. Take not this as a feign'd Excuse, but a Reality: My Business is now drawing near a Conclusion, which will redound to the Advantage of us both. You seem something Comical with me in your Stile; and I hope at my Return to satisfie your Expectation in all Particulars. Let no Doubts or Fears dwell on your Mind, that my Love to you can abate: No charming Beauty shall tempt me to injure you. So wishing you Rest and Happiness, in Expectation of following my Letter in a few Days, I am

Your most affectionate Husband, P. G.

A Congratulatory Letter to a Friend, on his Recovery of Health.

Dear Friend,

OUR long Acquaintance, and entire Friendship, made the Report of your Indisposition so sensible to me, that Joy was a Stranger to my Mind, and many anxious Fears hover'd about, till the pleasing News arriv'd that the Danger was past; then a quick surprizing Gladness darted it self into my Soul; the cloudy Face of things that repre-

repreſented frightful Ideas, brightned, and clear-ed up; and ſince being confirm'd of your Recovery, the Alteration in me is ſuch, that People wonder at the Change, who are ignorant of the Cauſe. May your Health long continue, in all Particulars, as comfortable and laſting as our Friendſhip; and then there will be no need of the tedious, or rather afflicting Trouble of Phyſicians. My Viſit to you ſhall be as ſpeedy as may be, to compleat my Joy in your Embraces. In the mean time, be careful of your ſelf, to prevent a Relapſe, as you tender the Felicity of

Your Cordial Friend and Servant, L D.

The Anſwer.

Worthy Friend,

THE Pains of my Diſtemper, when they raged higheſt, did not ſo much afflict me, as the Concern you expreſs for me rejoices me. Heaven, indeed, has been propitious to ſnatch me from the Brink of the Grave, and lengthen my Days, that we might ſee one another again; which is to me, next the Opportunity I have, renewed, in my Hands, to make Preparation for an Eternal Felicity, the greateſt Joy. My Weakneſs agrees not with my Mind, to pay the firſt Viſit; and therefore it pleads on my behalf for an Excuſe: However, my Mind and good Wiſhes conſtantly attend you; therefore, to render my Recovery yet more perfect, let me ſee you as ſoon as poſſible. So with my hearty Thanks for the Concern you have had for me, even to the Di-

ſturbance of your own Repoſe, I, till then, impatiently remain

Your much obliged Friend, R. G.

A Letter to a Friend beyond the Seas, to enquire of his Health and Welfare.

SIR,

YOur ſudden Removal, and the Diſtance that now divides us, has made me ſomewhat earneſt to ſeek an Opportunity of writing to you, in hopes Fortune will ſo favour this Letter, as to bring it ſafe to your Hands, that it may find you in health, and your Undertakings proſperous; which would be ſo agreeable to my Wiſhes, that the certain Knowledge of it would be very much pleaſing to me. I doubt not your Underſtanding and Promptneſs in the Affairs you have enterprifed; nor your Induſtry and Ingenuity in performing and propagating what may tend to your Advantage; but being in a ſtrange place, many Diſappointments may happen, that would intangle the moſt pregnant Wit. But, hoping none of thoſe Difficulties will incumber you in your Negotiations, all that I more can deſire at preſent, is, to hear from you, that thereby I may be made ſenſible how it ſtands with you in every, or, at leaſt, the moſt material Particulars; which will be a great Satisfaction to

Your Friend to ſerve you
in all reaſonable Reſpects, P. C.

The Answer.

SIR,

I Received yours of the 20th past, *Old Stile*; and in all Gratitude, as I am justly bound, return you my hearty Thanks for your Care of, and good Wishes towards me As to what you are desirous to know, I shall give you that Satisfaction in the best manner. I not only found favourable Seas and Winds in my Passage, but the like Reception in the Port of L—— where I now reside. The Business I undertake, is at present somewhat difficult; but Diligence and Care will soon surmount those Difficulties. Blessed be the Eternal Disposer and Governor of all things, through his Mercy I enjoy my Health here in that full Perfection I brought it from my Native Shoar, and hope it will so continue, though in a distant Climate. We enjoy Plenty, and have a Prospect of gaining Riches by Trade. The Country abounds with all things necessary. And so, in hopes at my Return to give you a satisfactory Account of my Proceedings, with my hearty Love to you, and all our Friends, I remain

Your most obliged Friend, B. L.

A Letter Congratulatory to a Friend, on his Marriage.

Dear Friend,

THE News of your changed Condition coming to my Ear, I could not but conclude my self obliged to congratulate you on your Access to so great a Happiness as I find you are, in

all probability to enjoy thereby, if ſo great a Treaſure of Beauty and Vertue can be contributing to the Felicity of Mankind; as, undoubtedly, they are not the leaſt Augmenters of Worldly Pleaſures and Delights; nay, they reach ſomewhat higher, as coming near Angelical Perfection; eſpecially where united Minds move harmoniouſly, and Souls, as well as Bodies, intertwine and mix an inexpreſſible Amity. Therefore live happy as I can wiſh you, that paſſing by Degrees to the higheſt Perfection attainable on this ſide Heaven, your Loves may here baniſh all anxious Cares from your Breaſts, and hereafter be perfected in endleſs Felicity; which is the Deſire, and cordial Wiſh of

Your faithful Friend and Servant, T. C.

John *to* Joan; *a plain Country Love-Letter.*

Honeſt Joan,

I know not what is the matter with me; but but ſure I am, ever ſince I ſaw you laſt, I have had ſomething ſtrangely hanging on my Mind; it ſeems weighty and troubleſome to me, ſo that my Buſineſs goes on very tediouſly and ſlowly; my Sleep is diſturb'd, and I find my ſelf in all Affairs uneaſie: Therefore, in hopes to make Things more agreeable to me, I have disburthen'd my Trouble a little by writing to you; for, in truth, after having ruminated a World of Matters, what ſhou'd be the Cauſe of all this Hurly-burly, I begin to ſuſpect it is Love, though I cannot be well aſſured of it, becauſe I do not remembet I ever was enamour'd in my Life: So that

that it being a new and ſtrange Diſeaſe to me, I earneſtly intreat your Opinion and Advice in it, as you tender my Health and Welfare; for, certainly, both are at ſtake; I cannot long continue thus. I know you are not hard-hearted, and therefore I doubt not but you will be my kind Phyſician if you can find out a Remedy for me: Nay, if the Application muſt be your own ſelf, I hope you will not deny it, to prevent the ill Conſequences that otherwiſe may be extreamly prejudicial to

Your Well-wiſher, and humble Servant, J. B

The Anſwer.

Honeſt John,

I Receiv'd your Letter, which I read over many times, becauſe I was often puzzl'd to underſtand it. You tell me you are in much Diſorder ſince you ſaw me, and yet know not well what you ail. I am ſorry any thing in me (if it were ſo) ſhould give you the leaſt Diſturbance; for, truly, I am not deſirous to injure any body, particularly your ſelf, for whom I have no common Eſteem. And therefore, if it ſhould happen to be Love, as you ſeem to hint it may be, that cauſes this Whirl-wind of Confuſion in your Mind, do not deſpair of a Remedy if I can apply it; for you have truly ſaid of me, I am not hard-hearted, and therefore muſt not ſuffer you, if I can help it, to run into any ill Conſequences for my ſake. I know not well what more to ſay, as being reſtrain'd by my Bluſhes. However, I ſhall be at the next Wake; and if you think it worth your while to meet me at Gammer *Gubbin's*, it may be

both of us together may happen to find out the Cauſe of your Perplexities, which you ſingly ſeem ſomewhat at a loſs to do. So, with my kind Reſpects to you, wiſhing you quiet Repoſe, I remain,

Yours in all Friendly Offices, J. A.

The Injur'd Lover, to his Filting Miſtreſs.

MADAM,

WAS it not enough to caſt your Frowns and Scorns upon me, which beclouded Night I paſſed over with Patience; but that when the Morning-beams of your Smiles aroſe upon me, and darted Joy into my Soul, like the Eaſtern Rays of Light, you ſhould, after having ſo long afflicted me, ſo ſoon eclipſe the Comforts you allow'd me, to make amends for what you had unjuſtly made me ſuffer; and this, not only by removing your Favours from me, but, the more ſenſibly to grieve me, in placing them on one who by his Service has not merited the leaſt of your Smiles. By this you make good the Similes appropriated to your Sex, who are compar'd to the unconſtant Winds and Seas; which, when they flatter with proſperous Gales and Calms to tempt us from a ſafe Harbour, ſoon change into Storms and mounting Surges, to ſhipwreck and intomb us in inevitable Ruin. Conſider ſeriouſly what I have done and ſuffer'd for you, without the leaſt repining, till you prov'd your ſelf thus inconſtant; and by your Ingratitude, conſtrain'd me to upbraid you with Fickleneſs and Wavering. Oh! that Heaven ſhould make ſo beautiful a Frame, to contain a Soul

a Soul not worthy of it! But Time may come, when your dear, and too late Repentance may ſenſibly re-mind you of the Injuries you have done me; and own with Sighs, that you have cauſleſly wrong'd the Man who deſerv'd a gentler Treatment. May the juſt Powers, who have heard your Vows and Promiſes, touch your Mind, and let you ſee in time what will be the ſad Conſequences of breaking them without the Shadow of a Cauſe; and by an awful Dread of the Puniſhment due for ſuch Offences, reſtore you to your ſelf, to move and act as becomes a chaſte and vertuous Woman. So reſigning my Cauſe to the Supream Being, and appealing to his Tribunal, to right my Wrongs, I remain, as you have uſed me,

Your injur'd and diſconſolate Servant, B. D.

A Letter from a Wife, to an unkind Husband.

Dear Husband,

THough you can ſo eaſily forget, or lightly paſs over your Marriage-Vows, the ſacred Ties of our Nuptials, I cannot with ſuch Facility recede from mine, nor forbear to re-mind you of your own. Had I given juſt Occaſion for the Slights and Injuries you put upon me, I could have born my Affliction with Silence; but ſince in Juſtice or Conſcience you can lay no Faults to my Charge worthy of the Slights you put upon me, I may reaſonably accuſe you of monſtrous Impiety and Ingratitude, yet pray, at the ſame time for your Converſion, hoping you will call your Senſe and Reaſon to aid you, and by ſtrug-

ling with your headstrong Passions and Frailties, labour to overcome them; and not by continuing obstinate, gain a Reproach to your self, whilst you triumph in my Afflictions. Consider the Tenderness I have always born you, and the unalterable Stedfastness of my Affections towards you; call to mind my unspotted Love, with all the Respects and duty of an obedient Wife; and then reason with your self, whether such Constancy has met you in the Smiles and alluring Flatteries of those that have drawn you to Vice and Folly and if Lawless Love has blinded your Eyes, these serious Deliberations will open them, to see that they only, like Swallows, sing their Flatteries to the Summer Season of your Prosperity; but when a Winter of Adversity, or a more advantageous Opportunity offers, they will fly to a warmer Sun, and leave you to bemone your unadvised Incredulity More I might add, would Grief and falling Tears permit; but hoping this will in some measure sensibly touch you, and soften your obdurate Heart to a relenting, so that you may again assume your self, who are now degenerated, and fallen from the noble Accomplishments of your Sex, Reason and Humanity, I take Leave to subscribe my self,

Your ever loving, though much injur'd Wife, E. R.

A Letter of Recommendation of a Young Gentleman to his Mistress.

MADAM,

THE Friendship that has hitherto passed between us has emboldened me to seek your Good

Good in a very nice Point; but how agreeable it will be to you, I undertake not to determine; leaving that to Time, and your own Sentiments. I ſhould be guilty of a great Errour in Friendſhip, if I ſhould not confeſs you have a diſcerning Judgment, to diſtinguiſh true Worth from that which only appears ſo. But not to hold you any longer in ſuſpence, craving your Pardon, I have preſum'd to recommend this Gentleman, the Bearer, to you, who is ambitious to be your Servant for Life, he having wholly, as I underſtand from himſelf, devoted his Affections and Service to you. That he is worthy, and of good Parentage, I give you my Engagement; but in a Matter ſo weighty, I muſt ſubmit the reſt to your Approbation, or Cenſure. However, being ever deſirous of your Welfare, I have readily, as I hope, contributed to it; for, in all probability, if you make your Choice here, you will not miſs of that Degree of Happineſs that may yet raiſe what you poſſeſs higher. So leaving the reſt to your diſcreet Management, I humbly beg Leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf

MADAM,

Your unfeigned Friend, and Well-wiſher, M. L.

A Letter to mind one of his or her Promiſe.

SIR,

HAving receiv'd your Promiſe of Kindneſs, I cannot conſtrain my ſelf to believe you made it without Intention to perform it; ſuppoſing the Non-performance hitherto rather Forgetfulneſs,

fulneſs, or the Effects of extraordinary Buſineſs, than daring to ſuſpect you have laid your Intentions of that nature aſide; which has embolden'd me to re-mind you of it, and deſire with Earneſtneſs that, your Intent being to do me good, you will with all convenient Speed put thoſe Intentions in practice, not doubting of your willingneſs herein, whoſe Courteſie has not been a Stranger towards me; yet rather inforc'd by my own Neceſſities, and the continual Remembrance of my unprovided State, than by any other Motive, I make theſe Lines my urgent Sollicitors of your expected Promiſe; which bearing in their Front the Marks of Importunity, may move you, in Compaſſion to your Friend, not to ſlip an Occaſion, but, with as much Haſte as Willingneſs, to accompliſh what your Thoughts had favourably form'd for me. So always remembring how many Ways I am oblig'd to you, I remain, on account of your Courteſies, rather ſtudious to think of them, than any ways able to requite them,

Your humble and obliged Servant, T. W

A Letter from a paſſionate Lover, to his Miſtreſs, upon receiving a Letter from her.

Gracious Object of my pleaſing Thoughts, and Miſtreſs of my Affections,

THE Lines you ſent me, came as ſeaſonable refreſhing Balm, to heal the Wounds your fair Eyes had deeply inflicted on my Soul; comfortable as Rain to the parched Earth; or refreſhing Fountains, and cooling Shades, to the panting

ing Traveller in a ſcorching Wilderneſs; eſpecially, knowing that their Premeditation had Iſſue from your Peerleſs excellencies, and the Touch of thoſe Letters paſſed the Guidance of your fair Hand: How ſharp or powerful ſoever the Weight of them are, the leſs ſhall be my Grief, in that ſhe whom I honour and eſteem above all others, hath vouchſafed to commend to my Lot the Accompliſhment of all thoſe Excellencies which none but her ſelf can pargonize, and wherein ſhe only excels all others. Vouchſafe, moſt gracious Miſtriſs, that what unto you is intended to be pleaſing, may not ſeem diſgraced by the Ornament of Eloquence; the ſovereign and praiſe-worthy Glory whereof beautifies both Speech and Reaſon. Too dull are my Senſes, I confeſs, to blaze forth your Merits; your Accompliſhments being ſo manifold, that thoſe of the whole Sex may ſeem to centre in you. Then be pleaſed to deem of my Love, as of your own Deſervings; the Foundation whereof cannot be ſo ſlender, as whereon ſo weak a thing as Fancy ſhould be grounded; but as your Vertues are permanent, ſo may you judge of my entire Affection to be perpetual. Let it once more accord with your courteous Conſent, that this Letter, with the firſt, may have the like favourable Acceptance; whereby you ſhall kindle in me no other or greater Preſumption than what beſt ſuits to the Worthineſs both of your Vertue and Calling. So with languiſhing Sighs and Wiſhes, craving that you will ever hold and deem of me, as him that, in all proteſted Faith, Love and Loyalty, is, and will be always,

MADAM,

Your moſt humble, obedient, and devoted Servant, P. L.

The

The Answer.

SIR,

I Receiv'd your second Letter, and am oblig'd to let you know, your Address to me is as strange as your self, whom my eyes, as yet, to my Knowledge, have not beheld. And what your good meaning is, I know not. And for giving hasty Credulity to your Assertions, as you seem not to challenge it, pardon me if I tell you I have not been hitherto hasty in my self to do it; having often been taught, that of the fairest Speeches, frequently ensue the contrary Actions. I cannot condemn your Purpose, because I make the candidest Constructions of your Meanings. However, I am in no point so restrain'd, but at all seasonable or convenient Times Access may be had to me. So that when you shall make it sufficiently apparent that, without Blemish to my Reputation, I may admit your Visits, I shall be willing, so far as my Years and present Being may minister Occasion, in any thankful Requital that may be, to yield my self unto you: Till when, I must take Leave to subscribe my self

Yours in Respect and Friendship, E. C.

A Letter to a Lady, to desire Admittance to her Presence.

Fairest of Creatures,

I Am bold, though a Stranger, (finding no other Opportunity with Fear of offending,) to make these Lines the humble Messengers of my good Meaning towards you; wherein you may please

to

to think that I go not about, by pretence of a moſt entire and hearty Good Will which I profeſs to bear you, to make preſent ſurmiſe, that on ſo bare an Aſſertion, you ſhould give immediate Credit to my Words: I prize your Worthineſs at a far greater Value; and weigh your good Allowance ſo much, that I only deſire that, by your favourable Liking, I may intreat to have Acceſs to your Preſence; not doubting then, but I ſhall ſufficiently, by apparent Proofs, maintain the Efficacy of that I now proteſt; and give you ſo good Occaſion to eſteem well of me, as you ſhall have no reaſon to repent it, that upon ſo honeſt and loving a Requeſt, you have condeſcended to my Intreaty; whoſe Health and Proſperity I tendering in all things as mine own, with humble Submiſſion, in expectation of a favourable Anſwer, I beg Leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf

Your moſt affectionate Servant, L. R.

The Anſwer.

SIR,

YOurs I have receiv'd, of the 20th paſt; and that Men have Skill, and are by ſundry commendable Parts enabled to ſet forth their meaning, there needs, as I think, no other Teſtimony than what your ſelf has written. And, indeed, you ſay well, that I ought not lightly to give Credit to Words; but rather, by Time to prove the Sincerity of what you proteſt. My Reſolves to alter my Condition are yet unſtable; however, they may fix in the Favour of a worthy Perſon, when I ſhall be made ſenſible of his Deſerts

ſerts by all the modeſt and vertuous Ways that can lead the chaſteſt Mind to the Palace of Unſpotted Love. However, I thought not my ſelf ſo tied up to Niceties, as to refuſe you theſe Lines, wiſhing you ſuch an one as may equal thoſe Excellencies you write of, every way to anſwer the Praiſes you beſtow upon her; that ſo your Love and Writing may go parallel: But confeſſing my ſelf not ſo qualified, I can only at preſent wiſh I anſwer'd the Idea you have too ſuddenly form'd of me, and remain,

Yours in all civil Reſpects, A. G.

A Letter from a Gentleman.

MADAM,

THE long and conſiderate Regard by which, in deep Contemplation, I have eyed your rare and ſingular Vertues, join'd with ſo admirable Beauty, and much pleaſing Condition, grafted in your Perſon, have moved me, among a Number whom I am ſatisfied favour you, earneſtly to love you; and thereupon, humbly to lay my ſelf and Services at your Feet. And now, although haply I may ſeem in ſome Eyes the leaſt in Worthineſs of a Number that pay their Devotions at ſo fair a Shrine, yet may you vouchſafe, in your retired Thoughts, to account me with thoſe of higher Eſteem in Willingneſs to ſerve you; wherein, if a ſet'led and immoveable Affection towards you; if a fervent and aſſured Love, grounded on the undecayable Stay and Prop of your Vertue; if continual, nay, rather inexterminable

minable Vows, in all Perpetuity, addicted to your Service; if never-ceaſing and tormenting Grief, uncertainly carried by a hazardous Expectation, cloſed in the Circle of your gracious Conceit, whether to bring to my Soul a ſweet Murmur of Life, or a ſevere Sentence of preſent Death; may any of them prevail, either to move, intreat, ſue, ſollicite or perſuade you, I then am the Man, who, ſhrining in my moſt inward Thoughts the Dignity of ſo worthy a Creature, and prizing in the deepeſt Imagination, though not to the utmoſt Value, the Eſtimate of ſo incomparable a Beauty, have reſolv'd, living, to honour you; and the Days I have to live, never to ſerve other but you; and how unkindly ſevere ſoever you may prove, I will bleſs you in my dying Murmurs, when ſhort, departing, Breath eagerly catches at the fleeting Soul. However, in hopes of milder Uſage from ſo much Beauty and Vertue, expecting no worſe Acceptance than may ſeem anſwerable to ſo Divine an Excellency. I remain,

MADAM,

Your moſt paſſionate, loyal, and perpetually devoted Servant, W.O.

A Letter Conſolatory to a Friend, in his Sickneſs.

Worthy Friend,

THE News of your Illneſs has caſt a Damp upon my Spirits, and clouded my uſual jovial Temper; as we have joy'd together, ſo I cannot but be afflicted with you: Our Friendſhip

ſhip has join'd us with as ſtrict a Sympathy, as that of Nature did *Hypocrates's* Twins; we muſt weep together, as well as laugh together; the Joy or Afflictions of the one are reciprocal to the other. As for Paſs-times, the Taſte of all Pleaſure is bitter to me, when my Friend is in pain, and cannot reliſh the Sweets of them. However, Sickneſs, and many other Afflictions, being incident to all the Sons of *Adam*, who were tinctur'd with the Poiſon of Sin in his Tranſgreſſion, which intail'd a World of Miſeries on his Poſterity. Bear it then with Patience, as Epidemical, a Thing that is common to all. Conſider, when we were born, it was our Buſineſs to live in a troubleſome World for a while. As a Bubble dances on the Surface of the diſturb'd Waters, and ſuddenly vaniſhes into Air aud Flatneſs; ſo Man is in an uncertain State, ſubject to Mutation. Let, however, your Vertues be your exceeding Conſolation, to bear up your Spirits in the Agonies of your Diſtemper; and diſpel the Fears of Death, by the Thoughts of having ſo liv'd, that you fear not to die. Compoſe your Mind to ſerious Meditations on laſting Joys; and that, being in a good Frame and Temper, will greatly aſſiſt you to overcome your bodily Infirmity. For your own ſake, and mine, take Courage, and be not dejected: Conſider how your Sighs and Groans afflict your Friend no leſs than your ſelf; mitigate them then with a Manly Fortitude, that I may find you chearful at my coming, to diſpel in ſome meaſure the damp Clouds of Anxiety that hang on my Soul; and with all the Haſte that wings true Friendſhip, expect me: Till then, the good Wiſhes and earneſt Prayers of him ſhall not be wanting, who is

Your unalterable Friend in all Conditions, R. C.

A Letter

A Letter to a Lady, much grieved for the Impairing her Beauty by the Small Pox.

MADAM,

AMidst my Joy for your Recovery, I cannot but be somewhat concern'd to hear that you afflict your self because the inexorable Distemper has rudely ruffled so smooth and beautiful a Face, that dazled with a Pomp of winning Graces, by leaving its envious Marks a Memorial of its Conquest and Tyranny over so fair a Creature as your self: However, let this comfort you, that it could not triumph over, nor make Spoil of the Beauties of your Mind, which are the most excellent Ornaments of your Sex: They only are lasting, defie all Accidents, and even the Malice of Time; when the others are fading: As the Rose, blowing fresh in the Morning, fill'd with Drops of Dew, and casting its Fragrance round, to embalm the Air with sweet Perfumes; till the rude ruffling Breath of Wind scatters its Leaves, and lose them in a Bed of Weeds: Or as the Violet, that little Purple Monarch of the Field, too early putting out its glowing Leaves, to usher in the Spring with Fragrancy, meets with nipping Winds, or Morning-Frosts, which make it languish, and, bowing its Head, wither away, and lose its Beauty. However, Madam, your Case is not thus; the Roses and the Lilies are fresh blooming in your Cheeks, so intermix'd, as makes you lovely still in all Eyes but your own. What if some Dimples are impressed by the Disease! *Venus*'s Beauty consisted, to her Praise, as Poetical Gayness sets it forth, in that particular, though not happen-

happening by the ſame Means. Obſerve the Face of Heaven, when the numerous Hoaſt of Stars ſtud it over with Seeds of Light, how beautiful and gay it repreſents it ſelf to our admiring Eyes! So your Face, adorn'd or ſtudded o'er with little Rounds, indenting it, make it lovely, and deſirable. Ceaſe then to perplex your ſelf; and know, you have a Stock of Beauty left, ſufficient to make you admir'd, and ador'd; enough to captivate a Thouſand Hearts. Heaven, perhaps, thou, hr it not fit you ſhould blaze with too fierce a Light, leſt you, like *Phaeton*, ſhould ſet the World of Love on fire. Let it ſuffice, that what is paſt, cannot be remedy'd; and in hopes you will do ſo, and huſh your Grief, I ſubſcribe my ſelf

Your humble and obedient Servant, G. D.

A Letter Conſolatory to a young Gentlewoman, forſaken by her Faithleſs Lover.

MADAM,

I Underſtand you grieve, and much affect to be alone, thereby to indulge melancholy Thoughts, that croud upon you, as one Wave puſhes another to the Shoar; and that the Cauſe of it is, you have miſs'd to be made unhappy in in the Embraces of a falſe, diſſembling Man, who, by what evidently appears to me, rather aim'd at your Diſhonour, than any ways to recompence the tender Affection you too early ſhew'd for him. Conſider ſeriouſly, and you will find it rather a Miracle of Mercy that you eſcap'd his Snares, ſo cunningly laid to intrap you, than any Loſs or Prejudice

Prejudice you can receive by parting with him. Mariners may wish for Winds to Navigate, but not for Storms to shipwreck them. Contemplate his Ingratitude, as the basest of all things; and if you seriously do that, it must give present Ease to your labouring Mind. Think him a Wandring Star; or liken him to mis-guiding Fires, that lead belated Travellers out of their Way, unto the Paths of Ruin, or Distress. Be mindful of your Youth and Beauty; how much you have deserv'd, and how ill you have been requited; and then the Cure will certainly be wrought. Take this Advice, and call your Reason in to your Assistance, and you will tell me e'er long how much I have been

MADAM,

Your Friend to serve you, M. V.

A Letter Remunatory, from a Gentleman, to a Lady.

MADAM,

HOW much I am obliged to you for the Multitude of Favours heaped on me, Words cannot well express: But, above all, that you are pleased so well to esteem of me, as to write your favourable Letters in my behalf. All that I can do in expressing a boundless Gratitude for the Largeness of your Kindness and Good Will towards me, is, ever to continue your Ladyship's humble, affectionate, and faithful Servant; and will ever acknowledge, that all has proceeded from your Innate Goodness, without any Merit in me to deserve it: And, as I am bound

bound in Duty, no Day ſhall paſs without my Prayers to God for your Health and Proſperity, and the re-doubling your Days on Earth; and when this World ſhall ſuffer ſo great a Loſs, and Heaven gain by the Exchange, may Crowns of Glory and immortal Palms adorn you as your Vertues deſerve; ſo that, as you have ſhin'd here, to the Admiration of all, your Brightneſs there may be the more tranſcendent: which is the hearty Wiſh, and earneſt Deſire of

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obliged, humble, and
ever devoted Servant, A. C.

A Letter of Excuſe on long Abſence.

SIR,

MY Breach of Promiſe, in not having viſited you with deſerv'd Requital ſince my Departure, may juſtly create in you a Doubt and Suſpicion of Ingratitude in me; but I hope, and by that Hope, preſume, that of your own good Diſpoſition towards all your Acquaintance, you will yield to me an approved Trial, before my Sentence paſs. Indeed, if I ſhould not own unto you that I am faulty in ſome reſpects, I might juſtly condemn my ſelf; but at my coming I ſhall urge ſo many Reaſons in Excuſe of my long Delay, and thoſe very juſt ones, that I cannot perſuade my ſelf but your good Nature will incline to pardon me in what I have tranſgreſſed, who are not wont to be ſevere to any: And, in the mean while, let me prevail upon you, by all the

the Ties of our Friendſhip, not to leſſen me in your Opinion, and good Eſteem. So, wiſhing you a laſting Health and Happineſs here, and endleſs Joys hereafter, I remain, in true Affection, commanded by your Merits, and worthy Carriage towards me,

Your Friend, and humble Servant, P. D.

Damon *to* Cœlia; *a Love-Letter.*

Fair Nymph,

WHoſe Eyes out-ſhine unclouded Stars, whoſe charming Voice the Syrens cannot reach, whoſe Mind is beautiful as the firſt Rays of Light that uſher in the Day, be kind as you are fair and charming; think on the Sighs you oft have heard me breath, and the ſoft murmurs that you whiſper'd in my Ear, when our tender Flocks were ſporting on the Plains, and we retir'd under the cool Umbrage of ſpreading Groves, to ſhun the ſcorching Eye of Day. Ah, then it was that your All-languiſhing Looks firſt captivated my poor Heart, and made me dream of an *Elyſium* of boundleſs Biſs: But when I thought to graſp thoſe endleſs Joys, like Water preſs'd between looſe Palms, they ſlip'd away, and quite deceiv'd my eager Hopes. Return, return, thou charming Maid; come, ſmile again, and cure the Wounds you gave: Let not another reap that Bliſs, which is by ſacred Vows my due. Conſider how the immortal Powers dart Three-fork'd Thunder at the perjur'd Heads of ſuch as dare defie them by ſuch monſtrous Impieties. O let not their Vengeance light on you, too feeble

to

to ſuſtain their Bolts, created only for ſoft, tranſporting Joys; and not, Giant-like, to meet Red Lightning Glares, whilſt you affront the Skies, and ſeem to ſtorm them, to blot out thoſe Oaths you made, and there ſtand fairly recorded in the Adamantive Book; leſt deep intrenched Scars made by impetuous Flaſhes, impair and blaſt your Beauty in a Moment. Conſider well theſe things, call in your Reaſon to adviſe you, and then you will ſee whom you have injur'd, and repent. In hopes of this, from ſo much Heaven on Earth, I dare to ſubſcribe my ſelf

Your not deſpairing, though much injur'd Lover, Damon.

Cœlia's *Anſwer to* Damon.

Damon,

THE Unkindneſs that you now upbraid me with, you were the Cauſe of. I counted it my Happineſs to gaze on you, admiring ſtill your Manly Form, whilſt my buſie Fingers were interweaving Flowery Chaplets to adorn your Brows. I priz'd you as my chiefeſt Jewel, and wore you next my Heart: You heard, indeed, my Vows; and the tender Meltings of my Soul were viſible in my Eyes. I deſign'd you all the ſoft Delights that Nature, heighten'd by Love's Art, could e'er beſtow on Man; and thought my ſelf ſecure of all I wiſh'd for on this ſide Heaven. But when I preſs'd you to a lawful Bed, you ſtarted, and grew cold; your Aim was ſomewhere elſe, too black to name, which made me much repent the Weakneſs of my Heart, in ſo ſoon yielding

yielding it where true Love and Worthineſs was wanting; but ſince I yielded not on your Conditions, you tax me with Unkindneſs, and Breach of Vows: The Powers you threaten me with, to puniſh me, are too juſt to hear you on ſo black a Score; their Thunders you ought to dread much more than I; and I had had juſt Cauſe to do it, had I conſented to your Lawleſs Love; they ſhielded Vertue, and preſerv'd me from that Folly that would have deſerv'd a Puniſhment more heavy than poor *Cœlia* e'er could bear. However, though I am preſſed to wed by ſuch as are deſerving, yet re-aſſume your Vertues, from which you are degenerated, and you cannot tell how much I can forgive, how I can croud into Oblivion what is paſt: But then, be cautious how you ſo far forget your ſelf, as to relapſe; for ſuch another bold Attempt, as has made me, in a great meaſure, think you unworthy of me, would make me baniſh you my Sight for ever. Be wiſe then, as you ought, and you may hope, at leaſt, when your Reformation is wrought, that I yet may happen to be kind my Way. And ſo I muſt conclude my ſelf my own, till by all the Ways of Vertue you attone for the Follies and Errour which you ſo lately purſu'd,

Your much diſpleaſed, Cœlia.

A Letter of Paſſion or Anger from one greatly offended.

UNgracious Off-ſpring of an Infernal Brood, whom Heaven permitted for a Plague, and the Earth nouriſh'd as a peculiar Miſchief! Thou

Thou Monſter of Mankind! What may I term thee? With what ill ſounding Titles may I raiſe my ſelf upon thee, thou Scorn of the World, thou Enemy to Humane Society? Shall thy Villanies eſcape for ever unpuniſh'd? Will the Earth yet ſupport thee, and the Clouds ſhadow thee; or the Air breath on thee, to give thee longer Date of Life? But if theſe are favourable to one that no ways deſerves their Benefits, think not thy Injuries ſo eaſie, that they are to be ſupported by all; for mine Eyes ſhall watch and haunt thee, like thy Evil Genus, till I have proſecuted what I have determin'd. Moſt unworthy as thou art to breath amongſt Men, triumph then in thy Miſchiefs, and boaſt of the Injuries thou haſt done me; and when by due Deſert I ſhall have paid thee what I promiſed, I will give thee Leave to glory in my Spoils: But then perhaps 'twill be too late; Vengeance hangs o'er thy Head, invelop'd in a teeming Cloud, and will not be long e'er it break upon thee, to thy Deſtruction. Therefore, in the few Moments that are intermitted, rejoice, if thy bad Conſcience, and Senſe of Injuries done againſt the Laws of Reaſon and Humanity, will ſuffer any Quiet to brood upon thy Soul. And ſo, with full Reſolves to do what I have caſt in my Mind, I remain, through the Senſe of my exceeding Injuries,

Your Implacable and Eternal Foe, C. L.

A Letter

A Letter Monitory from one injur'd, to the Party who offer'd the Injury.

SIR,

THough I have Caſe grievouſly to complain, in being ſo unaccountably injur'd by you, from whom I neither deſerv'd ſuch Uſage, nor could in any manner expect it, having ever been induſtrious to do you all the Favours I was capable of heaping on you, I am yet apt to perſuade my ſelf the Wrongs you have done me were not maliciouſly deſign'd, but rather by Inadvertency: Which favourable Conſtruction I have hitherto continu'd on your Behalf, and in your Vindication, notwithſtanding I have been urg'd by ſome, and not without Reaſon, to believe the contrary. Wherefore, before I would judge raſhly, or paſs any Sentence to your Detriment, I was willing to know from your ſelf, whether you will ſtand by what is acted to the prejudice of one who always accounted himſelf amongſt the Number of your Friends; or ſhew by a Reluctancy, and Diſclaiming, that you were precipitated into it. This is but reaſonable, and you ought in Honour and Conſcience to give me Satisfaction herein, or your ſelf, like raſh *Alexander*, will cut aſunder the *Gordian* Knot of Friendſhip between us, which cannot without ſuch Violation be unlooſed. So, in Expectation of your Anſwer, ſuſpending my Opinion of what has paſſed, though much injur'd, I ſubſcribe my ſelf

Your Friend to ſerve you, D. L.

The Answer.

SIR,

NOt without Shame and Confusion, I have undertaken to answer your Letter, wherein I find you have so far out-done me in Generosity, that I am puzzl'd to find a Way to express my self answerable to your Demerits. I, with much Sorrow, and Reluctancy of Mind, must, though late, own, I have rashly, and in a passionate Heat, done Wrong to the best of Friends, and made my self unworthy of those many Favours I have receiv'd at your Hands: Reflecting on which, in the first place, I cannot but admire your Goodness, in so calmly debating and expostulating with a Man that justly deserves your severest Anger and Reproof: In the next, I cannot but look with Abhorrence and Detestation on my self, and much worse on my Actions. But if the unfeigned Sorrow of a returning Penitent can obliterate my Crimes; or if a publick Acknowledgment of the Injuries I have done, and taking Shame to my self, can expiate my Offences, allot me my Penance, and how severe soever it shall be, I will chearfully undergo it, as having justly deserv'd it. So, throwing my self wholly on you, to be dealt with as you shall please, with Blushes I conclude at present, subscribing my self,

SIR,

Your Undeserving, and
Unworthy Friend and Servant, T. C.

A Letter

A Letter of Thankfulneſs from a Daughter, to her Parents, for her good Breeding or Education.

Ever honoured Father and Mother,

AS Duty and Obedience conſtrains me to to make this humble and juſt Acknowledgment of your tender Care and Love towards me, ſo my Prayers and good Wiſhes ſhall ever attend you, all my Endeavours ſhall be induſtriouſly employ'd to ſerve you; ſo that in ſome meaſure I may be able, or at leaſt ſhew my unfeigned Willingneſs to requite your Love, and the Coſt you have beſtow'd in educating me; which I look upon as a very great Happineſs, in ſupplying my younger Years with Variety of Underſtanding in what is moſt commendable in our Sex; which will undoubtedly render me acceptable in all places, on ſundry Occaſions. Wherefore I am conſtrain'd to applaud that compelling Goodneſs in you, by which you even oblig'd me to perſevere in what I had well begun; though then, indeed, by reaſon of my Childiſhneſs, not well diſcerning the Advantages, when at Maturity, I ſhould reap thereby, I fooliſhly imputed it to your Severity and Rigour. Therefore let miſtaken youth conſider, that in their tender Age, not knowing what is good and commendable, they ought to ſubmit to the maturer Judgments of their indulging Parents, who watch over them for their Good, and with all tender Love and Compaſſion are ſtudious for their Welfare, though perhaps their Eyes are not diſcerning enough to perceive it. But, to come nearer

to my Acknowledgments, may Ten Thousand Blessings wait on you, my honoured Parents; May you ascend to Heaven after a long and prosperous Life on Earth, and there be crown'd with all those Joys and Brightnesses that reward the Good and Just, whilst my Endeavours shall be, to administer Comfort to you in your aged Years, ever submitting in all things to your Pleasure; resigning my self, in all the Conduct of my weighty Affairs, to be guided by you; and remain in the whole Course of my Life,

Your most obedient and
dutiful Daughter, K. C.

A Letter from a Pot-Companion, to a young Man, upon the Death of his old Wife, in Banter.

Honest NED,

IT will be hard for you to imagine what various Whims and Fancies came crouding into my Head, when I was inform'd by our old Crony *T. C.* that you sate snivelling and whining under the dismal Cypress and Yew, mourning and lamenting, I will not say tormenting and afflicting your self, lest I should seem to dissemble as well as your self. 'Tis true, you have lost a Wife: Well, and what then? Why, truly, this is no such great matter; 'tis every Day one jolly Fellow's good Luck, or other, to be rid of such an Incumbrance. Ay, but it may be you'll reply, She was a good old Wife. O-ho! Was she so? So much the better; 'tis the happier for her that

that ſhe is deliver'd out of this ſinful World. Nay, let me give you a Word or two of farther Conſolation, to eaſe the Agony of your Mind: Conſider, we are all mortal, and muſt die one time or other; and ten to one, her Time was come; and then, who could help her giving you the ſlip, when ſhe could ſtay no longer, to follow her departed Teeth, that were gone before her? Conſider, ſhe drop'd like Mellow'd Fruit, which need no ſtormy Winds to ſhake them down. Then rouze up; pull off your diſſembling Mask, and change your forc'd Lamentations to a jovial Song. But ſtay a little, now I think on't, this may be a Trick to get you another rich Wife the ſooner: For, ſay the Women, *Poor Heart! What pity is it ſo brisk a young Fellow ſhou'd mourn himſelf to death! Is there no kind She, that will ſlip into his Arms, and comfort him?* Nay, if this be the Drift, then I cannot blame you: But, be ſure, diſſemble well, leſt they perceive it; for, ſo, they tell us, the Crocodile, on the Banks of the River *Nilus*, weeps over the Head of a ſlain Man, to draw others within his Reach, that he may catch them. But, now I conſider again, if I miſtake not, I am come to harp upon the String that twangs your Grief: The Eſtate, I remember, expir'd with your Wife: Truly, that is a Loſs worth a few Tears. But, hang it; all Worldly Things, you know, are tranſitory: Riches have Wings; and, being gone, are paſt Recovery. Yet be not diſ hearten'd, for there is a Harveſt of wanton Old Women with Colts Teeth left behind. Rouze up then, and chear your Spirits with a Bottle or two, and at 'em as faſt as you can caſt your Net well, and you cannot miſs a Covy of 'em; out of which, pick

the plumpeſt and fatteſt, to ſupply what is departed from you. There are few of them, but will ruin themſelves, their Children, and Grandchildren, for a luſty young Fellow, at any time between Terms. Make Hay then whilſt the Sun ſhines, whilſt you retain the Reputation of a brisk, rich Widower; and few know but you are as ſolvent as ever: This will be a mighty Backing to you, if your Back was feebler than it is So, in hopes you will take my cordial Advice, and creep out of your Cloiſter, to meet the old Gang, at the uſual Time and Place, there to receive farther Inſtructions relating to the Premiſes, I remain,

Your true Bottle-Friend to ſerve you, L. G.

Curious

Curious, Witty, and Quaint DIALOGUES,

Relating to

LOVE, BUSINESS, INTRIGUE,

And many other Things, very pleasant and diverting to either Sex.

Never before made Publick.

A Dialogue between a young Noble-man and a Lady of Quality, upon his first Addreſs, &c. in a Garden; under the borrowed Names of Nemander *and* Lelia.

N. MAdam, theſe Spacious Walks give a fair Proſpect; and all things appear pleaſant about them.

L. You ſay right, Sir, there has been no coſt ſpared to make them agreeable, to delight thoſe

that recreate themſelves in this Innocent kind of diverſion.

N. I have often frequented them, but never thought my ſelf ſo happy as now; methinks the Air is more ſereen than ever, the Birds about us warble ſweeter Notes, and each fragrant Shrub and Flower ſends out the Eſſence of its Sweets, and ſeems to breath Ambroſia

L. You make me ſmile, Sir, Why all this juſt now more than at other times? Can ſuch an alteration be on a Suddain?

N. Lady, there is a mighty-Commanding Cauſe that produces theſe unuſual Effects.

L. Pray Sir, what may that be which on a ſuddain works ſuch wonders? Or is it only the Effect of your Fancy?

N. Fair one, the Reaſon is, you Grace theſe humble Shades and charm Inanimate, as well as Animated Beings, by a Secret power to Contribute their utmoſt to Pleaſure you.

L. Truly, Sir, this is a miſtery to me, or in the beſt Conſtruction I can make of it, you paſs it only as a Complement.

N. Ah, Madam, to be plainer, you wear about you thoſe Beauties that Command the Hearts of Men; how then can Creatures made to ſerve them chuſe but be obedient to you?

L. Sir, did I not take this as a flouriſh of Complement, I ought only to anſwer you with Bluſhes, or 'tis not perhaps, me you mean, when you talk thus, but your Fancy is fixed on ſome Exaulted Beauty, that can Conquer Hearts, as you ſay; for my part, I reap no ſuch Victories, nor do I merit 'em.

N. Faireſt of Creaturs, I ſpeak my ſincere Thoughts, Exempt from Flouriſh or Flattery,

'tis

'tis you, and only you, that have this power, and nothing but what you merit, and were designed for nature cast you in her Choiceest mould, and when she saw you Cried a Luckey, this produced you to our Eyes fair as the Light, and blushing as the Rosey morn, when Eastern streaks warns us of the Sun's approach, to guild the world with rays and brightness.

L. Nay, pray Sir, run not on strains so high, these praises are not mine, you sure are forming the Idea of some fabled Goddess.

N. Heaven too Informed your mind, and made you Equal beautiful at once to dazle our Eyes, and charm our Souls with wonder.

L. What can you mean by this? I want to be informed, and if I have that Commanding power you mention, let me lay some part of it on you, to make me sensible of what you drive at.

N. This favourable Command I waited for, and with profound regard will yeild Obedience to it——Madam, since you have given Leave, be not offended if I plainly tell you that I Love you more than Words are Capable to utter, and used those Ambages in Speech to get your Leave to tell you so without Offence.

L. Truly, Sir, I know not how to answer you in this particular, as having hitherto been a Stranger to Passions Concurrent to Love, but all I can do at present is to own your merrit, and Confess you are deserving——Let this Suffice, and expect no more till I am better resolved.

N. Madam, with Willingness I obey; and have all the Happiness I, in so short a time, could wish for. I find you as obliging as you are fair; or I might justly have expected to be Thunder-struck with your Frowns, for so great a Presumption.

L. No, Sir, 'tis not my way; I am not proud, nor know what it is to caſt Diſdain on a Perſon of Worth, and one who deſerves Eſteem.——— Yet I would not have you depend too much on what I have ſaid, leſt, laying too great a Streſs upon it, you ſhould not be anſwer'd in your Expectation.

N. Divine Creature, the moſt amiable of your Sex, adorn'd with Vertues and Good Nature, charming as your Beauty! All I gather from ſuch condeſcending Compaſſion to one who entirely loves you, is, that you bid me not deſpair.

L. Sir, that Conſtruction of my Meaning perhaps I allow you; but Time and mature Conſideration muſt guide me, not to enter raſhly on Matters of ſuch moment: Therefore let me now retire.

N. *To this, though I with Pain conſent; yet, you Commanding it, I now with Pleaſure do.*

Coridon and *Sylvia*; a Paſtoral Dialogue.

C. *WEll met, fair* Sylvia, *on the Dewy Plain:*
Whither ſo faſt?——Nay, do not dart Diſdain
From thoſe bright Eyes that Nature fram'd, to move
As Stars, to guide me to the Land of Love.

S *What mean you,* Coridon, *to croſs my Way?*
My Buſ'neſs calls,——commands me not to ſtay.

C. *Ah, lovely Maid! Mine more important is;*
For on this Minute hangs my Woe or Bliſs.

S. *What is your Buſineſs?——Say; that knowing it,*
I may diſpence a Moment, if 'tis fit.

C. *I thought you underſtood it long ago:*
You heard my Sighs, and my Complaining too;

But,

But, cruel Nymph, you minded not my Grief;
Nor car'd to give my Sorrows a Relief.
S. *Still the old Story! Prithee, ſtand away;*
If this be all, I will no longer ſtay.
C. *Is this a Cauſe ſo ſlight, not worth your Ear?*
Or is there Danger, that you need to fear?
Ah me! that I ſhould bear ſuch Words from you,
Who, Parthian-*like, can wound thoſe that purſue,*
And ſport with them you ruin! Sure, you were
Deſign'd leſs cruel, or had been leſs fair.
S. *I know not what you mean, or muſt not know.*
Why do you graſp me thus? Pray, let me go.
C. *As drowning Men hold faſt what they ſuppoſe*
May ſave them, ſinking; ſo, with you I cloſe,
Never to part, unleſs you prove more kind;
But, graſping, float; or leave my Life behind.
S. *You fright me now;—— Your Lips ſpeak Horrour too.*
Say, what that's virtuous, you would have me do.
C. *I'd have you love, and with ſo true a Flame*
As equals mine; then loud I will proclaim
A Happineſs, the World, beſide, can't give:
And this alone can grant me Leave to live.
S. *I know not what to think; 'tis not like Love,*
Thus to ſurprize me in a Lonely Grove.
Are you in earneſt? Or is this to try
How eaſie 'tis for Maidens to comply?
C. *This is my laſt Effort; no other left:*
I muſt ſubdue, or be of Life bereft.
S. *Well, no ſuch Paſſion: Calm your troubled Mind;*
Though this is rude, ſince fix'd your Love I find,
Fear no more Scorns: Henceforth I will be kind.
C. *Some Angel, with a Golden Trumpet, ſound*
This welcome Voice: Let Hills and Dales rebound
The Eccho back; that, after long Diſtreſs,
The Fates prove kind, to give me Happineſs.

Oh!

Oh! ſpeak it once again, and let me know
Whether I dream: or waking, find it ſo.
S. *Come, now no more; I've ſatisfy'd your Doubt:*
And when we meet again, I'll make it out.
C. *Then with this parting Kiſs—— I bid Farewell;*
And go from hence, with Joys too great to tell.

The Town-Jilt; or, the innocent young Gentleman decoy'd: A Dialogue.

J. SIR, you are well met. O my inchanting Youth, why ſtand you at a diſtance, gazing on me, when the Burning-Glaſſes of deſirous Beauty dart ſo much Ardency of Affection, and covet your Embraces? Come, be not coy, nor ſtart, nor turn aſide: Conſider who it is that calls, who courts your Favour.

G. Ha! What Voice is this I hear? What Female Form is it my Eyes behold? What lovely Shape is it that thus accoſts me?

J. Why, ——why this Diſtance? Wherefore ſhrinks my Love, and ſeem to bluſh? Why ſhun you her that would be proud to lay you in her Boſom, and with a Thouſand Tranſports hug you in her warm Embraces.

G. I know not, Miſtreſs, who you are, nor the Cauſe that you purſue me thus. What is it you ſee in me, that ſhould extort theſe kind Expreſſions from you?

J. I am a Woman, Sir; and one that has Deſires. In you I ſee a Thouſand Charms to tempt me. Come cloſer to my Breaſt, and wave theſe Niceties I ſee you are a Novice in the Myſteries

ſteries of Love, and want to be inſtructed; or elſe, after ſuch kind Expreſſions, you would be ſenſible this Diſtance ill becomes you.

G. Could I but underſtand your Meaning, I could the better frame an Anſwer to it: But as yet I am ignorant of your Deſigns, nor know I what it is you would have me do.

J. 'Tis to be Obliging, and Complaiſant: Your Kindneſs I requeſt, ſince Opportunity gives way——— Come, be not coy, but take this Kiſs as my firſt Earneſt; and bluſh not if I lead you to my Alcove, perfum'd with Roſes, Jeſſamin and Amarant; to a Downy Place, prepar'd for Love——— Nay, nay, let us loſe no Time; but, whilſt we may, with haſty Steps retire, and on that ſoft Recumbency, till Morning, take our fills of Love; where, amidſt a Thouſand Tranſports, with kind Kiſſes, and low Murmurs, I'll expreſs my Paſſion for you.

G. I muſt confeſs, your Words have ſtrangely mov'd me: But, alas! I am ignorant in the Affairs of Love; and dread the Combat, as not knowing how I muſt behave my ſelf.

J. How! dread! Why, will you flee ſo fair an Enemy? If I were one in this ſoft Combat, dare you not preſs upon a yielding Foe, who, fainting with Paſſion, too fierce to be withſtood, will melt in your Arms, whilſt you may freely rifle all thoſe Joys which Lovers meet in Raptures?

G. Methinks I find a Willingneſs to comp'y; but ſomething checks me, chills my Blood, and makes it, as it were, run backward.

J. Away with it; 'tis Youthful Fear, and Baſhfulneſs: The very ſame it was with me, before I enter'd the Liſts of Love; long time I hover'd

ver'd on the Brink, before I plung'd; but being in, my Fears all vaniſh'd, and I ſurfeited on thoſe tranſporting Pleaſures, to which I now invite you—— Come, ſtifle your conſpiring Fears and Fantaſms, envious of the Joys I'd lead you to partake.

G. Well, at laſt you have prevail'd; and I believe, in Love there's more than Words can well expreſs: It muſt, as you ſay, be tranſporting in Enjoyment, becauſe ſo univerſally deſir'd. Therefore, forcing my Way through all Opponents, I throw my ſelf into your kind Arms, to be directed in this gentle Task.

J. Spoke like your ſelf. Now, with a Lover's Pace, let us haſte to my Appartment; where, in my Snowy Arms I'll twine you like the claſping Ivy; whilſt, with a declining Head, you pant between my riſing Breaſts, and rifle all the Pleaſures Love can yield.

[Aſide, going out.

Poor Fool, you now are made a Harlot's Prize:
By dear Experience I ſhall make you wiſe.
You think 'tis Love that makes me thus to court:
No; your Eſtate, e'er long, ſhall pay me for't.
Thus we Town-Women lay our Snares for Gulls;
And bravely revel in the Spoils of Fools.

Damon *to* Cloris; *a Dialogue.*

D. CLoris, 'tis time our Flocks have Reſt beneath theſe ſpreading Shades; the Sun is mounted high, and with his ſcorching Beams makes them begin to faint.

C. I

C. I am content: Drive on the Ewes, I'll follow with the tender Lambs; and there we'll ſhelter, till its Weſtern Beams permit the gentle Winds to breath more cool, and fan us with refreſhing Gales.

D. So, we are arriv'd where we could wiſh. Come, ſit you down on this Flowery Tuft, whilſt in ſweet Lays I tune my Reed, to pleaſe my lovely *Cloris*.

C. The Muſick's ſweet, ſo is your Voice; oblige me once more with them both.

D. What you requeſt, call your Command; and you, in all, ſhall be obey'd———

C. Thanks, gentle *Damon*; you have cheer'd my Mind; and yet, methinks, your ſelf looks ſad:—— May I not know the Cauſe?—— Nay, ſigh not thus———

D. Ah! 'Tis no eaſie Weight that can oppreſs poor *Damon*'s Heart, but ponderous as Mountains: And ſince you deſire to know—— 'tis— 'tis— Oh! I fear to utter it.

C. 'Tis what?—— Nay, fear not to unload your Mind; here's none but we, and you may boldly truſt me with the Secret———

D. Oh! 'tis a Weight of Love incumbers me; and, amidſt all my ſeeming Jollities, caſts a Damp of Sadneſs o'er my Soul.

C. Love!—— Prethee, with whom? Come, tell her Name Can any Nymph hear your Sighs, and not relieve you?

D. That's my Fear—— My Love is fix'd on one who knows it not; and often would I have made her ſenſible of it, but my faltering Tongue deny'd me Utterance; my Words ſtuck in my Throat, and Fear of a Repulſe would let them riſe no higher.

C. Is

C. Is she then so far above your Reach?——— What if she be, she may be kind to one that is deserving. Princesses have humbled themselves to wed with Shepherds; and found more Happiness, than to be Jointer'd in a Kingdom———

D. Fortunes or Titles of Honour have not exalted her I love; but she is fair as the Morning-Light, yet blushing as the New-born Rose; adorn'd with Vertues, and attended with a Pomp of winning Graces; which make her merit more than Queens, with Kingdoms to their Dowers. In her alone, I can be happy; and without her, must be ever restless.

C. May I not know her Name? I may assist you in your Love, and make it easier than you can conceive.

D. Ah!— 'tis your lovely self: 'Tis you alone that have the power to ease my labouring Mind, and give me Rest; nay, Joys unutterable, if you will condescend to make a Return of Love———

C. Me!— Sure, *Damon*, you dream; or only frame this Story, to try my Weakness.

D. No, I am waking; 'tis no Dream, nor is it feign'd. You might have known it from the Language of my Eyes; they plainly spoke the Passions of my Mind, though hitherto my Tongue was silent———

C. This staggers my Belief——— 'Tis all new and surprizing to me, therefore let it cease; for, see, our Flocks are straying whilst we hold Discourse, the Sun, too much declin'd, the Air grown cooler, as we wish'd.

D. O *Cloris*, speak not with so much Indifferency, now your Commands have rent the Secret from my strugling Breast, where it has long been pen'd up, striving, like Subterranean Winds, to force its Way.

C. What

C. What would you have me ſay?—Inſtruct me; for, in this Surprize I know not how to anſwer.

D. You ſaid, you would aſſiſt me in my Love; I claim your Promiſe, and demand no more, to make me happy.

C. I own it; but could not then conceive 'twas me you lov'd— I bluſh and tremble to find how cunningly you have drawn me in--Pray let me go.

D. Oh, take not ſo fair an Object from my ſight, e'er one kind Word has darted Comfort to my drooping Soul, to raiſe it from its languiſhing.

C. Well then——— What ſhall I ſay?——— Let it ſuffice, I do not hate you———

D. Ah! That affords no Beam of Joy; but rather clouds me more, and plunges me in Doubts that border on Deſpair.

C. Take then my Eſteem, as one not indifferent to me———

D. This ſounds more Muſical; yet is it only like the Camelion's Food, and bids me live on Air. Oh, ſay you love, and that you'll meet my Paſſion with an equal Flame; and in thoſe Words I ſhall find an *Eliſium* of Comfort.

C. My Modeſty forbids ſo ſoon a Yielding; then pardon me if, at this time, I cannot directly anſwer you: But, what with Honour I may do, to make you happy, I promiſe, and you may expect.

D. *I take you at your Word, and urge no more:*
Your Eyes ſpeak Love, and me to Joys reſtore.
Thus, had I ſilent been, as many are,
Who wiſh, and ſigh, but not their Minds declare,
I juſtly had been puſh'd into Deſpair.
Let this, young Lovers, be a Rule for you;
Be bold to ſpeak, but do not over-do.

A plain

A plain Country Dialogue between Ralph *and* Abigal.

R. ABigal, well met, come reach thy hand, that I may give thee a Lift over the Stile.

A. Thank ye, you good *Ralph*, and that heartely.

R. Nay, I thank you again, and there's your Thanks returned, and ſo Garamercy for nothing, but I mun no be ſerved ſo, for I will have a Buſs.

A. O dear——fie——O fie——how you touſe a body——nay, Indeed you make me bluſh, I did not think you was ſuch a naughty Man.

R. Ha, Ha——Naughty-man——that's a good one, why, I hope e're long to Buſs thee, and buſs thee a thouſand times over.

A. I fackins, but I don't intend it; ſee how you have rumple me in this rude manner.

R. Come, Come what ſignifies all that, I have ſome thing to tell you will make you Amends; for twice as much touſing as that comes to.

A. What's that——what's that *Ralph*, I want long to hear it, vads I do.

R. Why, I am overhead an ears in Love *Abigal*, and with thee Girl, ſleeping and waking my mind runs ſo upon thee, that Zudsbodakins, I think if thou wilt not have me, I ſhall go beſide my ſelf.

A. In Love with me *Ralph*, Ha, Ha, Ha——Avads you make me laugh to hear you talk ſo, though I bean't ſuch a Fool to beleive it.

R. How,

R. How, not believe it.——I prethee do, or I am undone,——Come, come, you muſt,——You ſhall beleive it, or Ile run my Country, that's flat and plain, and Leave all too, I care not who takes it.

A Nay, *Ralph* rather than the Pariſh ſhall be troubled to keep your Cattle, and thraſh out your Corn, if I thought you ſpoke true I would believe you, Indeed, and good Earneſt.

R. O, think not that I tell you a Tail of a Tub, all is as true as this good Light ſhines; nor is it juſt now I was ſmitted, but ever ſince I treated you, you know with Cakes and Ale at Gammer *Blackpot*'s Houſe.

A. O, I remember the time, and obſerved you lear, and caſt a Sheep's Eye, but could not gueſs the meaning of it till now you tell me——Well, if you have Loved me ever ſince, then I know not but it may have been long enough, and if I thought you ſpoke Indeed, and good Earneſt, I would tell you more of my mind.

R. By the proſperity of my next Crop of Corn, and as I hope to proſper, indeed and indeed I am ſerious.

A. Then, though I can't well tell it you without bluſhing, I am as ready for a Husband as you are for a Wife.

R. Give me thy hand then, Girl, 'tis a Match, and Ile fetch the on my Roan Mare on *Sunday* morning next, and when we are Married, then wee'l Sing *High Boys up go we.*

Long tedious Woing's not the Country-faſhion,
To ſpeed here is but juſt to tell our Paſſion.

The

The Baffled Beau; *in a Dialogue between him and a* Town-Miſs, *recommended to him as a Rich-Heireſs.*

Enter Miſs *and her Maid* Dorothy.

Miſs. DOll, *Doll*, quick, quick, my new headtire, and Gown, I wore Yeſterday in the Park, I expect Mr. *Foplin* here immediately to pay me a Viſit.

Maid. Madam, I have 'em in readineſs, with all their ſutable Accoutraments.

Miſs. On, on, with 'em, methinks I hear the ſound of his feet below Stairs.—O Wench, my Laced Shoos.—ſo, now retire, and Leave me to Entertain him according to his merit, or rather, at his Coſt.———Hold, hold,——ſtay give me my Box of Patches firſt, here are two or three fallen off in the hurry.———ſo now I have done with you for the preſent.

Enter Beau *all mealed, ſhe ſtarts, and Cries out.*

Miſs. AH,——what art———A Ghoſt, a——a Ghoſt———Avaunt, Avaunt—O, fright not, with thy fearful appearance, an Innocent Maid, who has not Injured thee———

Beau. Devineſt Creature, huſh your fears.—I am no Spirit, but a living Man,—one that comes to adore you, and bow himſelf in humble ſort to kiſs your Shoo-ſtrings.

M. Not a Ghoſt,——what makes you appear thus,———ſure you are in a winding Sheer, or my eyes deceive me.

B. That

B. That is a deception of ſight, indeed, I am only in the faſhion, Madam, Sprinkled ore with pulvillio's according to the Mode of the Gentile ſparks.—look,—and know me.

M. Ha,—Mr. *Foplia*, Is it you?—Indeed, at your firſt approach you frighted me, for juſt now ſtarting from a fearful Dream, and not well awake, ſeeing one approach all in white, it ſo lively repreſented what I had dreamed of, that ſtill my Blood trembles in my Veins, though now I find there is no danger:——But is this the faſhion?

B. Yes, Madam, amongſt us Sparkiſh Gallants, Wits of the Town, who nicely obſerve it, and can afford to be at this Expence.———

M. Truly, I have heard ſo, but being not long come to Town, and never ſeen it in the dull Country, had I not obſerved ſome Marks of a Gentleman about you, I ſhould ſtill have taken you for a Meal-man, or Baker, come to deſire my Cuſtom.

B. Madam, you are pleaſed to jeſt with me, but let that paſs,———You know my Errant, I ſuppoſe, and who it was recommended me to wait on ſo devine a Creature as your ſelf.

M. No, Sir,———Inſtruct me, for I am Ignorant of both.

B. In the firſt place then, fair Angel, know, that my buſineſs is Love; the Fame of your Beauty at a Diſtance, and unſeen wounded me ſo, that applying my ſelf to your Couſin *Subtill*, he told me I might make you a Viſit without Offence, for which favour I kiſſed his hand, and now to attone for the diſturbance I have given you by your frightful miſtake, I humbly bow my Forehead to the duſt, and own the Recompence ſo great, that I want words to Expreſs the ſatisfaction

faction I have of laying my ſelf at your Feet, and for ever becoming your humble Slave.

M. But, do you think, Sir, I muſt believe all this on a ſudden? Young as I am, I have heard, Men are the diſſembling'ſt Creatures living: Ten to one but you have profeſs'd as much to Twenty more.

B. Oh, let not my Divineſt Miſtreſs harbour ſo mean a Suſpicion of her humble Servant, in her fair Breaſt——— for, by all that's lovely, I———

M. Hold, hold, Sir; no raſh Vows, no Oaths; for thoſe are ſo common amongſt you Men of Wit and Parts; and ſo eaſily diſpens'd with, that if you are given to them, I ſhall be apt to believe you the leſs———

B. What muſt I ſay then, thou Wonder of thy Sex, to gain Belief, and confirm you in a good Opinion of the humbleſt of your Admirers, who pays his Devotions to your bright Eyes, thoſe Twin-Stars, that are to guide him to the Land of Pleaſure?———

M. I have been inform'd by thoſe experienc'd in Love-Affairs, that Men's Affections are better diſtinguiſh'd by the———

B. The what?--the what?-- Dear Madam, ſpeak it out, that all I am, have, or can do, may give you the Satisfaction you Deſire; and no Proof of mighty Love be left untry'd, to gain your Favour.

M. Well, Sir; to be plain with you, ſince you have ſo generouſly profeſs'd your Kindneſs to me; Coming out of the Country in haſte, I am ſtrait-en'd for a trivial Sum——— though I have Bills of great Value, but not yet payable.

B. What will do? What will do? Speak, ſpeak, fair Ange- if it be in my power, command me, and I ſhall be overjoy'd to pleaſure you.

M. Truly

M. Truly, Sir, I bluſh to think my Neceſſities make me ask this of you, who are, in a manner, a Stranger to me; but I hope it will not be long e'er I ſhall be in a Capacity to requite you in an ampler manner.

B. Oh, you have infinitely over-done it already, Madam——— But name the Sum———name it.

M. I fear it may be prejudicial to your Affairs, on ſuch a Surprize, and ſhort Warning——— But if it will, tell me ſo, and I can be furniſh'd elſewhere, there are many would be proud to do it; but theſe are only Favours I ask of thoſe I ſet a Value on, and highly eſteem——— I think a Hundred Guineas will do at preſent.

B. I am ſorry I have not ſo much about me; but I'll fly, and inſtantly muſter 'em up.

M. Ha, ha, ha; I find this Fool is as eaſie as a Single-ſoal'd Shooe.

Thus will I pluck his Feathers till he's bare,
Till he confeſs, he for my Smiles pay'd dear.
And when I've drain'd him till he can no more,
Then Bully-Rock ſhall kick him out o'th' Door.

She will at laſt.

A Dialogue between Doris *and* Camilla.

D. *WELL, you have heard my Sighs, heard me complain;*
At laſt be kind, and eaſe my lingring Pain.

C. *What wou'd you have me,* Strephon, *do in this?*
Muſt I my Mother's Bleſſing, for you, miſs?
You heard, as well as I, what late ſhe ſaid;
And know, our Parents ought to be obey'd.

D. *I*

D *In many Things they ought; but Love is free,*
Not to be bounded by their Tyranny:
When they, through Age, have loſt their own Deſires,
They pity not True Lovers youthful Fires,
How'er they ſcorch and torture us with Heat,
Fierce as the Flames in which the World ſhall ſweat,
And all Creation be diſſolv'd at laſt.

C. *Indeed, I own I have my Promiſe paſs'd:*
But ſhe tells me, I am not bound by it;
That her Conſent was wanting——

D. *——How miſt*
Is this for her, or you, to tell me now?
Think, Heav'n has heard, and did record your Vow.
Conſider then how fatal it may prove;
What Lightnings may revenge a perjur'd Love;
What Scars of Thunder touch your beauteous Face,
And ſhroud you in a Night of Black Diſgrace.

C. *Ha! How you ſcare me; ſure, this will not be:*
I wou'd perform 'em, but ſhe hinders me.

D. *Rather, I fear, 'tis your ambitious Mind:*
Were I more wealthy, you would prove more kind;
And no ſuch trifling Excuſes find.

C *Injure me not, to think a Thought ſo mean:*
That ſhould not part us, though I were a Queen,
Cou'd bring you Kingdoms to my Dow'r. You move
My Anger, and provoke my daring Love.
To ſhew it is not that, ——I will break through
All Obſtacles, and yield my ſelf to you.

D. *Spoke like your ſelf: This is Love's Voice, I hear;*
Who tramples Scruples down, and ſtifles Fear.
Let's haſte to tie the Knot, whilſt none us miſs;
Then ſwim to Heav'n through boundleſs Sea of Bliſs.

The Succeſsful Adventurer.

A Dialogue between Pollo *and* Artimeſia.

A. SIR, I have obſerv'd, you meet me in my Walks, croſs me in my Way, and in all places haunt me like a Ghoſt. I had, long ſince, determin'd to know the Cauſe, but had no Opportunity till now.

P. Ah, Madam! My folded Arms, Sighs, and clouded Aſpect, have not, I hope, left you altogether inſenſible, that the mighty Cauſe proceeds from the dear Object I thus wander after, like her Shade.

A. Sure, Sir, you dream---- or rather, talk in your Sleep: How ſhould I be ſenſible of your Affairs?—— Truly, I mind but little of any bodies: Every one medling with their own, is ſufficient.

P. I thought, fair Angel, my Sighs had inform'd you, and that you might have underſtood the Language of my Eyes; but ſince you ſay you do not, I am embolden'd at laſt to break Silence, and tell you, the Cauſe of my Suffetings proceeds from Love.

A. Love! A meer Toy, a Trifle; I can ne'er believe a Man of Courage can ſubmit to ſuch Weakneſs; but rather conceive it the Fiction of your Sex, when by crafty Inſinuations you would gain your Ends on ours---- But, prethee, who is it you are in Love witha!?---- I ſuppoſe, your Requeſt to me, is, to ſpeak to her in your behalf.

P. I would, Madam; that is my humble Requeſt: And to be favour'd ſo high'y, binds me to you everlaſtingly.

A. Am I intimately acquainted with her? For, I care not to intangle my ſelf with Strangers, to create new Cronies by the Matter.

P. Ah, Madam! None is ſo intimately acquainted with the Fair One as your ſelf; you know the Secrets of her Heart, and can diſpoſe her as you pleaſe. Move her then to take Compaſſion on a languiſhing Lover, and ever bind me your obedient Servant.

A. Very pretty!---- Well, Sir; I partly underſtand your diſtant Fetch---- I ſuppoſe the Party is not far off, that you pretend thus to whine after.

P. I muſt confeſs, ſhe is not---- But I ſcarce dare be ſo bold as to tell you who ſhe is, unleſs you lay your abſolute Commands on me to do it.

A. Why then do you apply your ſelf to me, to favour you in your Suit? Muſt I conjure to know who ſhe is?--- That's pretty, indeed---- Come, let me know her without that Trouble, or elſe I am gone; Buſineſs of greater moment calls me hence.

P. To obey you in this, I'll ſummon all my Courage to my Aid, and bleſs the Moment that preſents ſo great a Happineſs----

A. Nay, nay;---- no tedious Prologue, I beſeech you: Come, be quick--- diſpatch what you have to ſay, or be for ever ſilent.

P. Faireſt of Creatures, whoſe Eyes out-ſhine the Heſperian Stars; whoſe Face out-dazles Infant-Light, and looks lovely in Bluſhes, as the Roſy Morn, when the aſcending Planet of the Day edges the Eaſtern Clouds with Purple mix'd with Gold----

A. Hey-day!---- Sure, your Buſineſs is Banter, or Set Forms of Speech, to try my Temper, or

or weary out my Patience If this be all I am to expect, I have heard enough, and must retire.

P. Oh, stay---- and take not from me my Light, my Life, and all that I count Joys and Blessings on this side Heaven; and pardon me if I declare, 'tis your dear self I love, adore and prize, as the Inestimablest Thing--- For you I sigh'd and languish'd, droop'd, and was almost shot into the Gulf of deep Despair; yet durst not tell you so, till you, in pity, gave me Leave-----

A. May I believe this?---- Could all this Whining and Pining be occasion'd for Love?---- This sad dejectedness for Love of me?

P. You may believe it----- for you, dear Madam; as for a Treasure, in my Esteem, outvying all the Riches of the Universe----

A. What! I warrant, you would have me credit this; and on your bare Asseveration, without farther Proof? You think me easie, and good natur'd---

P. No--- I would willingly be put to any Test you shall enjoin me---- let the Task be ne'er so difficult; thinking your Esteem above the Merit of my Services; and your Love, a Thousand times more transcendent than I am able to recompence.

A. Yet, perhaps, should I lightly credit this, and become your easie Prize, you might think me cheap, and cast Neglects on me when your Fancy grew pall'd, or your Mind alter'd.

P. Oh, never----never, thou choicest of Earthly Blessings: My Love and Constancy should be as lasting as Life, firm as Rocks, immoveable as Mountains, and boundless as the Ocean.

A. Could this ſink into my Mind, and root there in a firm Belief, I might then have ſome Value for Mankind, above what hitherto I have conceiv'd; and prize them at a higher rate, than hitherto they have gain'd in my Eſteem.

P. That this is my firm and unalterable Reſolution, witneſs all the glittering Fires that Seed the Firmament with Light; and thou, bright Lamp of Day, who with thy Rays enliven'ſt all things which Earth produces for our Pleaſure and Support--- When I prove falſe, or fail in Love, may red Glares of Lightning blaſt me, and forked Thunder-bolts ſink me to the loweſt Abyſs; or may Earth breath forth her Sulphury Fumes, and in that Moment ſtop my Breath with a deſtroying Peſtilence----

A. Come, come; no more of your conjuring Proteſtations, no dire Imprecations--- Theſe, as I have been inform'd, are uſual to your Sex, and yet they have been falſe--- If your Love has all along been ſincere, you might have ſav'd your Cringings, whinings, and many of your Sighs, and ſpoke out like a Man at the firſt--- What! I warrant, you expected I ſhould have made the firſt Advance?--- Indeed, many puny Lovers have been ſo vain, as to expect it of our Sex; and many, by that Folly, have loſt what they moſt pretended to deſire---- But, to be ſhort with you; ſince you have broke the Ice, I now take my Turn to tell you, that if you love as you ſay, I ſuppoſe I have given you ſufficient Encouragement to pay me another Viſit; and then I may anſwer more to your purpoſe: And ſo, at preſent, Adieu

P. Madam, Ten Thouſand Bleſſings wait on you in all places where you go; and may ſome

Ange-

Angel, with a Golden Trumpet, ſound this to the World, that all may know my Woes are turned to Joy.

In hopes to pant upon your Snowy Breaſt,
Soft as thoſe Clouds where little Angels reſt.
Methinks I now am rais'd to a Degree,
Above the Reach of Fate to injure me.
No Opportunity I'll loſe, but haſte
To the fair Land in which my Lot is caſt;
Time now's too precious for a Moment's Waſte.

The Antiquated Virgin's Policy.

A Dialogue between Menander *and* Cloris.

M. MAdam, I'd ask a Favour of you, if you would vouchſafe to hear me----

C. Oh! Would you ſo, Sir?---- You think I am eaſily won, I'll warrant you---- Nay, you ſhall not gain the Poſſeſſion of my Heart ſo eaſily as you imagine.

M. I proteſt, I have no ſuch Intention: My Buſineſs with you, is upon another Story----

C. Ah, how you labour inſenſibly to wind your ſelf into my Affections!---- You Men have crafty Ways with ye---- But conſider my Years; I am not ſo eaſily taken as a Girl of Fifteen; there requires more for the gaining me than ſo.

M. Indeed, I am not deſirous to invade your Affections; I know your Years and mine are not ſutable. But, pray hear what I would ſay, and undeceive your ſelf---- I proteſt----

C. Nay, no proteſting: Come, come; I read it in your Looks, your Buſineſs is Love----

M. It is on that Score, indeed, that I made bold to intrude on your Retirement---- But then----

C. Ay, ay, but then---I know what you would ſay more: Thoſe of my Years are too cunning, eaſily to ſurrender their Hearts, till they are very well aſſur'd of the Merits of their Lover----

M. By all that's good, my Buſineſs is not to trouble you with any Paſſion I have for you.

C. Oh, make me believe ſo, if you can. Juſt now you ſaid your Buſineſs was Love: Can you ſo ſoon forget your ſelf?

M. No, I have not---- I own 'tis Love; but then, with humble Submiſſion, I muſt avow, 'tis not with you.

C. Very pretty!---- Make your Addreſs, and talk of Love; and at the ſame time, you would have me think they are not meant to me---- O the cunning Devices of Men, to wheedle us in, and enſnare us, if they could, before we are aware of them: But I am arm'd, and on my Guard.

M. What ſhall I ſay, to gain Belief?---- By all that's good, I come on no ſuch Purpoſe---- But----

C. But---- But what? Come, out with it, that I may gain a farther Inſight into your deep Diſſembling----

M. But, knowing you are Aunt and Guardineſs to the young and beautiful *Belinda*, whoſe Eyes have captivated my Soul, I humbly implore your Leave for Freedom to pay my Services, as a Tribute to her Merit.

C. Ha-ha-ha!---- This is a ſtudy'd Fetch, beyond the reſt--- You uſe my Niece's Name, to favour your Opportunity to draw me on to Matrimony----

M. I proteſt, what I have ſaid, is true----

C. Ay,

C. Ay, ay; I believe---- It makes me bluſh to think I have held ſo long Diſcourſe with you at the firſt Sight; for, whatever you feign on her Account, I plainly read it in your Eyes, your Love is meant to me---- But I am not ſo ſoon to be won, as you expect.

M. You put me, Madam, at a ſtand, how farther to anſwer, or perſuade you----

C. You puzzle me as much: For, Ten to One, you expect I ſhould preſently declare in favour of your Paſſion---- But Time muſt give you that Advantage--- I know not what I may do---- Perhaps, hereafter I may accept your Heart if I find you worthy; otherwiſe, you may deſpair of ever gaining me. And ſo, Farewell. [*Exit* Cloris.

M. Stay, and go undeceiv'd---- Ha, ſhe's gone. I was too raſh; and fear, this may prejudice my Affairs with the beauteous Maid whom I adore---But let me think again---- Oh, I have got it.

I muſt feign Love, and this old Bell-dam court,
To gain to her, I love, a free Reſort.
This, ſure, is Cupid's *Trick; or 'tis his Sport*
To handle a brisk Lover thus. But we behold,
Miners make way through Dirt, to get pure Gold.

Innocent Love.

A Dialogue between Doria *and* Faunia.

D. *DEar Child, you are but young: What makes you then*
Enquire of Love, and gaze ſo much on Men?

F. *Though yet in unripe Years, Time ſoon will haſte,*
When I Love's Joys, as well as you, may taſte.

Therefore I'd know, though early, how to move
My Steps; and be inſtructed in the Paths of Love.
It will not be amiſs, ſhould I ne'er try:
Things uſeful are of Worth, though they're laid by.

D. *Pſhaw—— Pretty Innocence, give ſuch Thoughts o'er;*
Love's not for you, till your Twelve's made a Score:
'Tis time enough then to torment your Mind
In Expectation of more than you'll find.

F. O Gemini!—— *a Score!— ne'r tell me that.*
A Maid ſo long to live!— Not I; that's flat.
Sure, you but jeſt with me: Pray, think again
What Sighs I muſt endure by then; what Pain,
What Flouts, what Jears— Have I not plainly known,
Though young I am, what other Maids have done?
Cinthia *at Thirteen wed, and chearful grew:*
Her Pale to Bluſhes turn'd; No Fears ſhe knew
Nor Tears, from that time; but increas'd her Joys:
Threw Senſleſs Babies by, for Girls and Boys.

D. *Child, you talk merrily: Come, come; forget*
Such fond Diſcourſe, until you have more Wit,
More ſolid Years. If ſome are Fools, muſt you
Follow their Steps, who ſimple Actions do?

F. *Is Love then Folly? Oh! ne'er tell me ſo:*
I heard you ſigh, till you its Joys did know.
You droop'd with Arms a-croſs, hung down your Head;
And look'd not half ſo gay, till you were wed.

D. *You, ſure, miſtook; but I had ſtay'd my Time:*
And before then, to think of Love's a Crime.

F. *Ne'er tell me that; I mark'd your wandring Eyes;*
Obſerv'd the Arts you us'd, to catch the Prize
Some Years before; and fain would have been doing
I know not what, long time before your Wooing.

D. O *fie, Girl: What doſt mean?——*

F. ——*To let you ſee,*
You wou'd not be ſo ſerv'd, as you'd ſerve me.

But 'tis no matter; I, without your Aid,
Shall find the way not long to live a Maid.
Something already heaves my panting Breast;
And pleasing Dreams are mix'd with silent Rest.
In Love there's Joys that you would fain conceal:
You ingross Joys, you envy I should feel.

D. *Y'are still mistaken; I urge it for your Good:*
Love's rough, and fierce; and if you understood
The Danger, you would shun, and not pursue
What cannot but give Pain, and injure you.

F. *Oh, Bugbear me with that—— Well, plain I find,*
I ask in vain, and only beat the Wind.
Well, Sister, I thought you had been more kind.
You told me once, with me all Joys you'd share:
But your Turn serv'd, you little for mine care.

D. *Come, let's away, no more dwell on this Theam;*
A few Years hence it will more proper seem:
When you are fit for Joys, I'll not deny
To tell you what becomes my Modesty

F. *Well, I'll have some small Patience, Sister, yet:*
I shall be angry if you do forget
To keep your Word: In the mean while, it seems,
I must contented be with pleasing Dreams.

Exeunt Ambo.

The Bargain.
A Dialogue between Dorinda *and* Clelia.

D. O My kind *Clelia!* Your Presence is as welcome to me, as Rain to the parched Earth, or the Sun to the Frozen Climes, with his warm Beams to unglaze the *Scythian* Seas. Methinks Time has run slow, and every Minute been tedious, since we met last.

C. Dear Couſin, you cannot imagine our parting was any ways pleaſant or agreeable to me; but Neceſſity urging, it could not at that time be avoided; yet, breaking through the Hurry of Affairs, I made what haſte I could to give you the Satisfaction I know you expected.

D. In what Affairs were you moſtly taken up? Prethee, inform me of ſomewhat that has paſſed ſince you left me.

C. A great many trivial Matters, not worth your notice.

D. Can you be concern'd in any thing that will not be pleaſing to me to hear it?

C. My Dear, if it was worth your hearing, it was another Matter; then it would look like a Miſtruſt of Friendſhip to conceal it from you.

D. Nay, never ſeek Evaſions; for I find by your little Starts and Bluſhing, there's more than trivial in it.

C. You are pretty good at gueſſing. Pray, can you think what it may be?

D. Well then, if I muſt caſt a Figure; I ſhall ſoon make a Diſcovery—— yet, I may ſpare my Pains, I read it in your Eyes.

C. What?—— Nay gueſs, and I'll be real with you.

D. You are—— ay, marry are you——

C. Indeed, it is ſo; you have gueſs'd right.

D. What—— What is it? Did not you tell me, you would be plain with me if my Gueſs prov'd true?

C. Why, Did not you talk of my being married? Or elſe I miſ-underſtood you.

D. Not I, I proteſt, in the leaſt——

C. Then I have gone too far before I was aware.

D. Oh,

D. Oh, have I catch'd you tripping? Come, come; no diſſembling, but out with it.

C. Well, Couſin; to be plain with you, I am married; and doubt not but you would have done the ſame, had Things, in all reſpects, been ſo agreeable to your Humour.

D. In Troth, I can ſay nothing to the contrary. But is this done like a Confident, to do it ſo privately, to keep it from your Friends?

C. I own I am to blame in that: But it was ſo ſudden, that being aſham'd of ſuch a Viſionary Love, I could not, without Bluſhes, and conſtraining my ſelf, communicate it to you.

D. Well, well, Girl; I forgive thee—— But there is one thing I muſt claim, as due by Promiſe.

C. What's that, I prethee?—— Tell me.

D. Oh, you are mighty forgetful, I ſee; or are ſo now on purpoſe—— Was it not agreed between us, That whoever was firſt married, ſhould give the other an Account of all Proceedings, by way of Encouragement? This I claim, and expect you ſhould perform it; or——

C. Or what?—— Nay, you make me bluſh. I own the Promiſe; but, prethee, my Dear, abſolve me of it.

D. Not I, by the World: Keep Touch, or loſe a Friend.

C. Will you ask me nothing beyond the Bounds of Modeſty?—— And then——

D. Can you conceit it?—— No, not for the World—— Be quick, be quick; for I am impatient till you have inform'd me. Methinks I have a Thouſand pretty Fancies ſwimming in my Head already—— Ha-ha-ha——

C. Nay, now you make me bluſh—— I vow, I can't ſpeak a Word to the Point, unleſs you compoſe your Countenance to more Gravity.

D. Will this Face do?—— Come, Your Woing firſt.

C. Well, I know I ſhall be teaz'd to Death if I comply not—— Then know, When I came to my Uncle's, the Noiſe of it ſoon flew about the Town. I had many Viſitants of the Male Sex, as well as the Female: But, among the reſt, I diſcover'd by the eager Looks, Gazing, and now and then dropping a Sigh, that I was not indifferent to young *Allazander*; who is, indeed, the moſt ſprightly and charming of all the Youths in that Country, if I have not been miſ-inform'd.

D. Well, And what of this? Could his Gazing, *&c.* make you fancy he was in Love with you? I fear you were too fond, Couſin; and made the firſt Advance.

C. Prethee, Fool, don't believe that; there was more in it; for, having the Favour of my Company in publick, after two or three Viſits, wherein I had nothing but Looks and Sighs to ground my Conjectures on, he came cloſer, would lay his Hand ſuddenly on mine, gently ſtroak it, and ſpeedily withdraw it, as if he fear'd to offend; fixing his Eyes on mine, till they dazl'd, and he was not, for a while, capable to remove them; then would he hang down his Head, and bluſh, whilſt a Sigh ſtole from between his Lips; and labouring to ſpeak, his Words would ſtick by the way; and ſometimes he would be ſo much out, and faulter in the midſt of his Diſcourſe, that he would be quite from the Subject, and ramble into Things remote, not remembring what he had ſaid before. Often would he expreſs my Name,

foreign

foreign from the Buſineſs he was talking about, with others, and fall into a ſudden Start when he heard it pronunc'd. And ſometimes, being invited by my Uncle to Dinner, he would ever place himſelf over-againſt me; and fixing his Eyes on me, would forget to eat; or ſometimes ſlide the Knife on his Fingers, inſtead of the Meat.

D. Ah me! Are theſe the Signs of Love? Are Men ſo weak, and unpremeditated? I could not have thought it, who have beheld them ſo brisk and active, airy and ſprightly witted— But proceed.

C. Theſe are the Signs of True Love, attended with a modeſt Baſhfulneſs: And by theſe it may be better known, than by their Words.

D. But, prethee, my Dear, tell me; Did you ſeem ſo to underſtand him, that his Apprehenſion could reach it

C. At firſt I did not, but delay'd for a time to take any notice of it; but perceiving him ever reſtleſs and uneaſie, ſometimes pretending Illneſs in Company, ſo to prevent the Diſcovery of his Paſſion to ſuch as might turn it to his Prejudice, I could not find in my heart to appear inſenſible of his Flames, but condeſcended to give him Encouragement: For, indeed, he was not then indifferent to me; his Perſon and Parts conſpiring to draw me to a Liking, as that Liking did afterwards to Loving.

D. I'll warrant you, he was pleas'd to know this.

C. I do not doubt it: For, after a Sigh or two, and ſome Heſitations, he began to break his Mind to me in a World of Proteſtations, and tender Expreſſions; and ſo each Interview removing ſomething

ſomething of his former Baſhfulneſs, and at length emboldenʼd, he took Courage to put the plain Queſtion to me, *viz. Whether my Love could be fixʼd on him ſo, as to be content to become his Loving Wife?* And with that, he imprinted many tender Kiſſes on my Lips, with Eyes all languiſhing, which melted me into Willingneſs, though amidſt Bluſhes, and ſome Sighs, that eſcapʼd, do what I could to prevent it. I made divers Excuſes, neither denying, nor complying; ſo that he could make little of it at that time: But ſoon after, I agreeing to be rulʼd by my Unkle, the Match was made up, and we were married within three Days after— Now you have heard the Truth.

D. Is this all?— A wiſe Buſineſs indeed, if there be no more than this in Love— I prethee, my Dear, whiſper me the reſt, if your Modeſty, as you term it, will not ſuffer you, without bluſhing, to ſpeak it aloud.

C. The reſt!— What?— How?— What mean you? Can there be more, think you, in Love, than what I have related?

D. Nay, nay; never mince it; ſtand not on Niceties; here are none but we— Proceed— proceed: I am all Impatience till I have heard you out.

C. Proceed! Prethee, to what?— Why, I have told you already; therefore, prethee, reſt ſatisfied.

D. A proper Buſineſs!— Are theſe all the Joys I muſt expect in Marriage?— Why, Friendſhip and Converſation afford more ſubſtantial Pleaſures, than what you have related. I expected you ſhouʼd have toʼd me ſomething charming, and tranſporting; Things that raviſh the Senſes, bordering on Angels Joys, dazling the Eyes, and melting

melting at once the Soul— Methinks, my Fancy reaches at ſomething far more exalted, than what you have yet nam'd— You live, as it ſeems to me, on dull Indifferency, if you know no more.

C. Well, to encourage you, without coming to Particulars; for Modeſty and Bluſhes forbid me to proceed ſo far; There are a Thouſand Joys, tranſporting beyond Expreſſion, or the Reach of Fancy, that are Attendants on a Marriage-State; where Love's Golden Chain unites both Love and Pleaſure; where Souls mix, and are interwoven, as well as Bodies; and ardent Kiſſes keep Time with Extacies of amorous Twinings— Ha; whither am I carried! I launch too far— Prethee, let this ſuffice; ask me no more: I bluſh to Death, to think, my Weakneſs has given Vent to Words of ſuch a Nature.

D. Well, I find I muſt be ſatisfied, whether I will, or no— But, had it been my Turn to have been married firſt, you would have preſs'd me farther. But 'tis no matter, I'll not be long behind you.

C. I ſhould not have ask'd ſo much, but have left it to Experience, as you may do. And ſo, Couſin, for an Hour or two, Buſineſs muſt excuſe my Abſence: In the Evening I'll wait on you again.

D. *Well, Couſin, I'll not hinder you; pray, go:*
For, reſt I muſt not, till the reſt I know;
And ſome kind Swain ſuch Bliſs on me beſtow.

Downright

Downright Courtſhip.

A Dialogue between Samuel *and* Martha.

S. MY pretty Pigs-neyes— How doſt thou do, Girl?— Avads, thou art luckily met at this Wake.

M I prethee, *Sam*, for what?—

—Why, Troth, I have a long time wanted an Opportunity to break my Mind to you; and now, Thanks to my good Luck, I am juſt jump'd upon thee.

M. O, bleſs me!— What mean you by that Word— *Break your Mind?*— Prethee, good *Sam*, have a care of that, 'tis a dangerous thing, eſpecially this hot Weather.

S. Why ſo?— Why ſo, Girl?— What Danger can be in it, hot or cold? None, I hope; for I hope the beſt.

M. Why, if I miſtake not, to break your Mind, is, to crack your Brain, Man: And then, where can you expect to go, but to *Bedlam?*—

No, no, fooliſh Wench; 'tis quite another thing I mean: It differs as much from it, as an Apple from a Nut— I perceive thou art illiterate, and haſt not a deep Reach with thee, or thou wouldſt have better underſtood my meaning— Why, Wench, to be yet plainer, it is to lay open my Heart to thee.

M. O dear! You fright me, and make me tremble— Lay open your Heart! God bleſs me! I hope you don't intend to murther your ſelf— eſpecially in my Company, to bring me into Trouble.

S. How

S. How ſilly theſe Dough-bak'd Animals are at a deep Fetch! Learned Expreſſions are caſt away on them--- I find I muſt be plain, without Complements.

M. What is it you're muttering now to your ſelf? Prethee, beant in a bad Humour now we are met.

S. No, no; fear not that: I never was in a better in my Life--- I was only ſtudying for ſutable Words to inform thee more plainly of my meaning; and that is, By this--- and this---Kiſs, I love you.

M. Oh, this is ſomething; now I underſtand you. You know, I was always for plain, downright---

S. Have at thee again then, Girl; I think this takes better than complementing. If this beant Plain Dealing, the Duce is in it, I Fackins.

M. Nay--- fie--fie--- Why, this is inſufferable: See what a rumpl'd and touz'd Condition you have put me into: My Mother will ſee it when I come home, and I ſhall be chid for it, ſo that I ſhall---

S. Piſh, tell me not of thy Mother, nor trouble your ſelf about her: A Fig for her Anger; thou ſhalt be better provided for.

M. How--- how's that?--- Let me hear it again. Better provided for! By whom, I wonder?

S. By one that loves you, will wed you, buſs you, bed you, and I know not what all.

M. Who is't?--- who is't *Sam?*--- Can't you tell me his Name? Avads, I long to hear it.

S. How ſhallow this Wench is!--- Why, Girl, 'tis my ſelf. Methinks, by all I have ſaid, you ſhould have underſtood as much e'er now.

M. Ah-ha!-- Your ſelf! Say you ſo?---

S. And

S. And what think you of it? Now I am plain with you. Nay, never bluſh for the Matter: Is it a Match? Speak.

M. Would you have me reſolve you poſitively at the firſt Asking?— You never ask'd me before.

S. Yes marry would I— 'Tis Plain-dealing, I think. Why ſhould we ſpend Time in pulling and halling, that may be better employ'd?

M. Truly, you ſpeak learnedly to the Matter: And, I muſt confeſs, I love a Man of Parts, who has his Tongue well hung, and t'other Thing well— Ha! What was I going to ſay? Sure, I am bewitch'd, I think.

S. Come, ne'er bluſh for the Matter. See, I have prepar'd beforehand; here's the Ring, if you will, look yee: If you wont love—

M. Hold, hold; pocket it not: Nay, I'll accept of it, ſince you have been at the trouble to lay out your Money for it— But, pray, when muſt we be married?

S. Why, e'en to Morrow Morning; the ſooner, the better. I'll bring a jovial Crew, to fetch thee away, that ſhall make thy Mother and all the Town ſtare at 'em.

M. Well, now let us part then, that I may return home to prepare things, in order to expect your Coming. If you deceive me after all this, I ſhall be huge angry—

S. Ne'er fear it: By this Kiſs, I'll ſurely come;
And when we're Wed, convey thee to my Home:
Then thou ſhalt know by the firſt Night's kind Sport,
How happy is the Wooing that's but ſhort;
Whilſt thoſe are pin'd who make a tedious Court.

Choice

CHOICE RULES
TO
Write Letters of various Kinds, Dialogues, &c.

The Art of Pointing, in Writing.

Inſtructions for Gentiel and Courtly Breeding.

WITH

The Art and Myſtery of Making Love.

Some Choice Directions for Writing Letters of various Kinds, and what is proper to be conſider'd in them; by which one may learn to Indict Letters Innumerable, on any Subject, &c.

NOW, that you may the better know how to Indict Letters, not having a particular Precedent by you; I ſhall lay down ſome brief Rules and Directions, that may be very uſeful, both in Particulars, and General.

Firſt,

First, If you write to one, to proffer Assistance, direct it not to those whom you are conscious stand not in need of any, lest it should be look'd upon as Vain-Glory, without Intention to perform it, should a real Cause require your Endeavours, and Help; or as an Affront to the Party. In these Letters of Assistance, you may insinuate your extraordinary Affliction for, and Sense of the Party's Suffering; and how much you are willing and ready at all times, if desir'd, to use your utmost Diligence, and spare no Pains, Cost, or Labour, as the Nature of the Thing requires, to contribute towards his Relief; professing your Zeal to serve or stand by him or her, as a true and unshaken Friend in the Adversity befallen.

Secondly, In Letters of Consolation, use all Reasons and Arguments of administring Comfort, pointed at the Centre of the Sorrow and Dejection; and shew how much you bear a Part in it. Yet, since Afflictions spring out of the Dust, we ought to look on them as sent from God, to humble us, for our Good: And that all Sorrow, except Godly Sorrow, is hurtful to Nature, and can avail nothing. Then add your Dissuations from it, mix'd with Comforts and Consolations, as the Nature of the Cause or Thing requires.

Thirdly, Letters of Thanks, or Excuse of not being capible to make suitable Returns for Benefits received, must be written in an Obliging and Acknowledging Stile; magnifying the Party's Worth and Goodness; promising all that lies in your weak Performance, to recompence such weighty Favours, proceeding meerly from his Condescending Goodness towards you, and not any Merit of your own, that could move him to it, *&c.*

Fourthly,

Fourth'y, A Letter Congratulatory, is, to rejoice with your Friend, upon any real Advantage accruing to him; as, in his Recovery from Sickneſs, Eſcape of Danger, Proſperity in Affairs, Coming to an Eſtate, happy Marriage, or the like: And in this you ought to expreſs a real Joy.

Fifthly, Letters Reprobatory, or of Reproof, are, to ſhew the Party offending, with Gentleneſs, the Faults he or ſhe is guilty of, either Commiſſive, or Omiſſive; and to make the Party ſenſible of the Heignouſneſs of it, that he may be ſham'd into an Acknowledgment, and repair as much as in him lies, the Damage done, and be careful not to offend for the future.

Sixthly. Letters Excuſatory are written to excuſe any Fault done, or Neglect of Friendſhip, or upon any other Account where an Excuſe is wanting; which muſt be temper'd with Softneſs, Sorrow and Submiſſion, to gain upon the Good Nature of the Party to whom you write, and gain a favourable Opinion, *&c.*

Seventhly, Letters Accuſatory: Theſe you ought to conſider very nicely; and lay no more to the Charge of the Party you accuſe with Faults, as Ingratitude, Unkindneſs, Neglect, Pride, Diſdain, or any other Vices, than what you are certain you can make good, if Occaſion require it. And unleſs it be on the Account of ſome notorious Crime, as Breach of Truſt, Friendſhip, or the like, deal gently in your Expreſſions, and be not too vehement; leſt, inſtead of its being well taken, it be conſtrued to be Prejudice and Malice. If any harſh Words muſt be inſerted, ſmoothen them with more temperate ones, and ſo bring it off as gentiely as may be, that Truth may be more viſible than Anger in it.

Eighthly,

Eighthly, Letters of Counſel, or Advice, muſt be ſuted with Matter according as the Occaſion requires; and then proceed gravely and ſoberly to deliver your Opinion, and good Advice; ſtrengthening all with good Reaſons, and weighty Arguments, againſt which there can be no proper Objections. But in this Caſe, conſider to whom you give the Advice; leſt, it being to thoſe of far more Underſtanding than your ſelf, or in Matters wherein you are not skill'd, it prove more troubleſom, than acceptable; and you be look'd upon as a forward Perſon, and a Medler in Things you underſtand not; unleſs in Caſes where your Counſel or Advice is really deſired, and then you may give it as far as you perceive it is proper.

Ninthly, Letters of Recommendation are ſent to affirm your Knowledge or Belief of the Truth and Honeſty of Perſons you would recommend; as, in caſe of Truſt, Marriage, Service, or the like. And in this Caſe, inſinuate the juſt Character of Perſons and Things, ſo far as you may reaſonably conclude to be reſponſible for what you write; that no After-Diſgrace, or Loſs of Friendſhip, may redound to your prejudice; mixing with what you do, moving Expreſſions, to back and further the Buſineſs.

Tenthly, Letters Petitionary, or to ſue for Favours, or whatever elſe you are in Neceſſity for, muſt be written with a profound Submiſſion; and the Neceſſity of your Requeſt urg'd ſtrongly, and in a moving Stile; ſetting forth your Wants, and the great Advantage you are likely to receive if your Expectations are at this time anſwer'd with as much convenient Speed as their good Pleaſure ſhall think meet; ſubmitting all to the Goodneſs,

and

and prudent Diſcretion of the Party to whom you write.

Eleventhly, Letters Mandatory, or Commanding, are, where you have a Power over the Party to whom you write, that you expect to have your Will abſolutely obey'd: And theſe are proper from a Father, to a Son; a Maſter, to a Servant; a Prince, to his Subjects, *&c.* And the Things commanded, muſt be conſider'd to be in the Party's Power, and lawful to be done.

Twelfthly, Letters Exhortatory, or of Exhortation, are, to exhort and admoniſh the Party you write to, to do, or not to do, according as the Matter requires; perſuading him againſt Vice, and to a Vertuous Life, or the like: And herein move with Moderation, and not with vehement and violent Expreſſions, leſt it give Diſtaſte; and it not being winning on the Party, you gain not your deſired Ends.

Thirteenthly, Letters Cominatory, or Threatning, are not very properly uſed; but when they are, they muſt be written full of Reſentments of Injury, in an angry, paſſionate Stile, to terrifie the Perſon either to a Submiſſion, or to let him know, he muſt otherwiſe give Satisfaction for the Wrong done to your Good Name, Friends, Perſon, or Eſtate. But, however, uſe not unſeemly Expreſſions, leſt your Paſſion appear greater than the Offence, and you be thought to have blinded your Reaſon.

Fourteenthly, Letters of Buſineſs, and mix'd Letters, muſt be indicted as the Matters require, there being no ſtanding Rule to direct you. However, Let the Matter of your Buſineſs be moſtly in the Body of your Letter. And Mix'd Letters have their Variations, as the Multiplicity requires, *&c.*

Uſeful

Useful Directions for the Exact Pointing or Stopping, in Letters, or other Writings; very necessary in Reading Prints, &c.

POinting is held very necessary in Writing and Print; without which, the Sense many times appears unintelligible; or the Meaning of the Words may be controverted, or mistaken. Therefore I have thought fit, for the Direction of many who are Strangers to them, in their Writing, to delineate them.

The principal Points in use, are, the six following, (though there are many others, which I shall also set down in their proper Places,) *viz.*

1. A *Comma*, thus ,
2. A *Semicolon* ;
3. A *Colon* :
4. A *Period*, or *Full-Point* .
5. An *Interogation* ?
6. An *Admiration* !

A *Comma* [,] is a little Breathing, or Pause; frequently used for the Smoothness of the Stile: As in these Verses;

If thou wouldst have me still love on,
With all the Flames I first begun,
Then you must still as scornful be,
For, if you once but love like me, &c.

A *Semicolon* [;] carries more stress than the former, as to the Pause and Sense; and is a Middle Point, between the *Comma* and the *Colon*, though not of any old standing; for the Antients used it not, except in Exclamatory or Interogatory Sentences The Example;

Thou scornst her Stage, where Poets now-a-days
Write their own Characters in Bawdy Plays;

A *Colon*

A *Colon* [:] is properly uſed when the Sentence is not fully ended, though the Senſe be well enough, and fully underſtood; but yet there remains ſomething more. As in theſe Verſes;

Like thy Lucrece's *World, my Rhymes advance*
No Artful Structure; but the Work of Chance:

A *Full-Point*, or *Period* [.] gives the full Senſe, and always concludes the Sentence; there being no farther Explanation required. As for Example;

How quickly are Love's Pleaſures gone?
How ſoon are all its mighty Triumphs done?
In vain, alas! do we the Banquet taſte,
Whoſe Sweets, as ſwift as Thought, are paſt.

An *Interogation* [?] is the Demand of a Queſtion, and uſually placed at the End of a Sentence, whereby the Matter is underſtood; but an Anſwer is required, to make it more properly compleat. As for Example;

But can my Gift increaſe thy mighty Store?
Can I augment thy Praiſe? or make it more?

An *Admiration* [!] is, when an Amazement or Wonder happens upon any Expreſſion, requiring a ſudden Alteration of Mind, or Lifting up of the Hands or Eyes, *&c.* As for Example;

Lo! Now his Bloody Banner is diſplay'd;
Oh! What numerous Armies haſten to his Aid?
Lo! The World's General comes; and from a-far,
He brings with him the mighty Men of War.

As for the reſt in uſe, though leſs uſeful and common than what I have mention'd, they are theſe;

An *Hyphen* [-] is that which divides a Word at the End of a Line, to direct it to the other part of it in the next Line; or a Word by way of Connexion; and may properly be term'd a *Diviſion*, or *Separation*; ſerving to one and the ſame Purpoſe.

An *Aſteriſm* [*] or *Small Star*, is uſed when any Hiſtory or Sentence is alluded, and may be compared with another.

An *Obeliſque* [†] is properly uſed in reference of the Subſtance, to the Matter placed in the Margin, by comparing the Word's Signification in various Languages.

A *Caret* [∧] is, to direct where any interlined Word or Sentence is to come in, in its proper place.

An *Apoſtrophe* [’] is, for Brevity ſake, uſed in cutting off a Vowel; and properly in Poetry, more than in Proſe, for the ſake of the Verſe.

A *Parentheſis* () is, when the Senſe is perfect, an Incloſure of Words that makes it more comprehenſive, though the Senſe is good without them.

A *Quotation* [“] is, to note that the Words are borrowed, without Variation.

An *Index* [☞] is properly placed to point at any ſpecial Matter, or notable Saying, whereon great Streſs is laid.

A *Crotchet* [] varies little from a *Parentheſis*, and is uſed when ſome extraordinary Word is to be noted; many times including a Sentence; and is proper ſometimes to explain the Meaning after a *Parentheſis*.

A *Parallel* [||] is uſed to compare the Signification of Texts, or Interpretation, bearing one and the ſame Meaning, or being Parallel.

A *Section* [§] is placed at the Dividing of any large Treatiſe, into divers Breaks, or Parts.

A *Paragraph* [¶] is a certain Number of Lines in a Book, referring only to themſelves; and properly, an entire Story.

And thus much for the neceſſary Uſefulneſs of Pointing, and Points.

Super-

John Dunton his Book 1715

Superſcriptions or Directions of Letters to Perſons of all Ranks and Qualities, ſutable to either Sex.

TO *the Sacred Majeſty of* William *III.* &c. Or,
To the King's moſt Excellent Majeſty.
To His Royal Highneſs the Prince of D———
To Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs.
To His Grace the Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
To His Grace the Lord Archbiſhop of York. Or,
To the Moſt Reverend Father in God, &c.
And to all other Biſhops, Superſcribe, *To the Right Reverend Father in God*; Naming their Chriſtian Names, and the Biſhopricks to which they particularly appertain.
To His Grace the Duke of L. Or, *To the High Born Prince,* T. D. *Duke of* L.
To the Right Honourable the Marquiſs of H.
To the Right Honourable the Earl of E.
To the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount B.
To the Right Honourable the Lord G. *Baron* C.
The Sons of Noble-men are ſtiled *Honourable*, though in Writings, or ſome other Matters, they are properly but *Eſquires* in their Father's Life-time, though the eldeſt has, Nominally, the next Title to his Father.
To His Excellency L. C. *Ambaſſador to the High and Mighty Prince,* L. And ſo are all Ambaſſadors ſtiled; as likewiſe the Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, when in being; and ſo the Lords Juſtices of that Kingdom, when there is no Lord Lieutenant, or Deputy. This alſo belongs to the General of the King's Forces.
To all Privy Counſellors, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chamberlain, Lord Steward of the Houſ-

hold, Secretary of State, Lord Privy Seal, *&c.* direct your Letter thus, *To the Right Honourable*, &c. afterwards naming their Dignity and Offices; as the reſt.

To the Right Worſhipful, G. C. *Kt. & Bar.* And ſo to the Knights of the *Bath*, below the Degree of Peers.

To the Lords Chief Juſtices, *Right Honourable*: And ſo to the Lord Chief Baron of the *Exchequer*.

To a Knight, *Sir*; or, *To the Worthy*, *Sir* C. D. *Kt. theſe humbly preſent*; or, *To the Worſhipful*, *Sir* C. G. *Kt. Theſe for* D. G. *Eſq*; or, *For the Worſhipful*, D. G. *Eſq*.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of the City of London: And ſo to the Lord Mayor of the City of *York*; or, as ſome more properly hold it, only *To the Honourable the Lord Mayor of* York.

And thoſe who have paſſed the Chair, as Lord Mayor of *London*, are ever ſtiled *Honourable*.

All Members of the Houſe of Commons are *Eſquires* by that Dignity, during their being Members, though Farmers or Tradeſ-men chance to be Elected.

To the Worſhipful, *Alderman* B. C.

To the Worſhipful, *Sheriff* C. D.

To the Reverend Judge, C. D. Or, *To the Reverend*, C. D. *one of His Majeſty's Juſtices*. Note, this refers to thoſe who are not Lords Chief Juſtices, or Lord Chief Baron.

To Mr. M. D. *Serjeant at Law.*

To Mr. C. G. *Counſellor at Law.*

To any of the Inferiour Clergy direct thus; *To the Reverend*, B. R. *D. D.* and ſo, as their Degree is, naming their Preferment and Dignity.

All Mayors of Borough-Towns, or Maſters of Corporations, by the King's Charter, are ever after ſtiled *Eſquires*.

To

To all private Gentlemen; *These for Mr.* W. M

To all Gentlewomen, *&c. To Madam* L. N. or, *To Mrs.* L. N.

But to Women of Quality; as, the Wife of a Duke, Marquiſs, Earl, Viſcount, Baron, or Knight, their proper Titles are to be given; as, Dutcheſs, Marchioneſs, Counteſs, Viſcounteſs, Baroneſs, or Lady; modelling the reſt by what is directed for their Husbands.

And by theſe Examples, any thing that is omitted, may be made conformable.

Inſcriptions ſutable for the Tops of Letters, over the Matter contain'd in the Inſide, or Letter it ſelf.

TO the King; *Dread Sir, Sacred Sir, May it pleaſe Your Majeſty,* or *Dread Sovereign.*

To the Prince; *Royal Sir,* or. *May it pleaſe Your Royal Highneſs.*

To the Princeſs; *Madam,* or *May it pleaſe Your Royal Highneſs.*

To a Duke; *My Lord,* or *May it pleaſe Your Grace.*

To a Dutcheſs; *Madam,* or *May it pleaſe Your Grace.*

To a Marquiſs; *My Lord,* or *may it pleaſe Your Lordſhip.*

To a Marchineſs; *Madam,* or *may it pleaſe Your Ladyſhip.*

To an Earl; *My Lord,* or *May it pleaſe Your Honour.*

To a Counteſs; *Madam,* or *May it pleaſe Your Honour.*

And the like to a Viſcount, Viſcounteſs; Baron, Baroneſs, *&c.* only diſtinguiſhing the Sex.

To a Baronet; *May it pleaſe the Right Worſhipful.*

To his Lady; *Madam,* or *May it pleaſe Your Ladyſhip.*

To a Knight; *Sir*, or *May it please your Worship*.
To any Gentleman; *Sir*, or *Much honoured*. And
To any Gentlewoman, indifferently; *Madam*, or *Mistress*.

Subscriptions, or Conclusions of Letters.

Yours, in all Obedience, to serve you, C. B.
Your most Humble and Devoted Servant, L. G.
Yours, in all Affection and Tenderness, M. K.
Yours, in what Commands you please to lay on me, R. P.
Yours, in all Sincerity, and Cordial Love, P. G.
Your ever obliged Friend, and Servant, K. L.
Yours unalterably, till Death, M. N.
Your humble Slave, prostrating himself at your Feet, C. T.
Yours, more than my own, in all Obedience, P. B.
Yours, in all that I may, to serve you, N. N.
Your most Passionate, and Devoted Lover, C. D.
Yours Eternally, in Wishes and Desires, M. L.
Your very loving Friend, and Servant, P. C.
Your most Obedient Son, P. L.
Your most Dutiful Daughter, M. A.
Your most Affectionate Father, or Mother, L. or C. S.
I rest, the Admirer and Adorer of your Beauty, and Transcendent Vertues, J. K.
I remain, Happy always to do you Service, A. C.
I beg Leave to subscribe my self, your most Faithful, Obliged, and Obedient Servant, J. P.
I shall ever continue your Faithful Friend, J. B.
I am, Madam, your most Passionate Votary, T. R.

INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

Gentiel and Courtly Breeding,

To render either Sex accomplished, and well to carry and behave themselves in all Companies, and on Imergent Occasions.

GEnerous and Gentile Breeding is an Ornament to either Sex, it quallifies them for Conversation, and gains applause from Superiours and Inferiours; makes them be respected and Esteemed of most, and those few that are not affected with it, are usually of a sordid, morose Temper, and not coveted in Humane Society.

This however cosists not in an affected Gait, nor Jaunty Carriage, for these savoring of Folly and Pride, are opposit to Courtly Breeding; it then must consist in a good Decorum, modest Behaviour, Affability without Affectation, Curteous Speeches, and a free flowing Eloquence, purged from all conceitedness, or expectation of vain Applause, ever well timed.

Modesty, above all things, is requisit in either Sex, but particularly the Females, and this Confines it self not only to the face, for there it may appear only in shaddow and Effigie, but in Life and Motion, in Words, whence it banishes all indecent Rudeness, insolent Vauntings, and supercilious Disdains, and whatsoever else may render a person Rediculous, or trobleſom to Conversation: This refines and Tunes the Language, modulates the Tone and Accent, admitting of no unhansom Earnest, or ill timed Loudness of Discourse; this prescribes not only the manner, but the measure of Speaking; and restrains all excessive Talkativeness.

Affability and Curtesy, are great Advances to make Men and Woman acceptable, and much Esteemed; as for Affabillity, it may be consider'd as a Human Accomplishment, or as a divine Virtue, and is Commendable in either of these Notions, but 'ris the latter that gives it the highest excellency and perfection; as for the first particular, it derives it self either from a noble and ingenuous Education, or something jointly from both, and this begets the greatest Respect and Esteem imaginable, when whilst others Mistakingly think they acquire a Reverence by putting on a supercilious gravety, Looking coy and disdainfu ly on all about them, which betrays them (howevery great they may appear) neither to be well bred nor truly Noble; and this gives resonable suspicion, that theirs is but a pagentry greatness; some Mushroom newly sprung up, that stands stiff and swells, and instead of keeping others at a distance, this fastidious Disdain invites them to a closer Inspection, that turns to their discredit.

But

But the Effects of Courteſy, as I have hinted, are quite contrary, it endears to all, and often keeps up Reputation in Spight of many Blemiſhes; a kind Word, or look, from a Superiour, is ſtrangely charming, and inſenſibly ſteals away the heart.

Meekneſs is an other Accompliſhment of generous Breeding, and in this conſiſts of a threefold nature; the Meekneſs of the Underſtanding of the will, and the Meekneſs of Affection, which concur to make up the Meekneſs of a quiet Spirit; the Meekneſs of the Underſtanding conſiſts in a plyableneſs in Conviction, and is diametrically oppoſite in the Sullen adherence, obſervable in too many; The Meekeſs of the Will conſiſts in a juſt ſubordination, and ſubmiſſion to ſupreme Authority, which in Divine things is the Will of God, in natural, or Moral, right Reaſon, and in humane Conſtitution on the Command of ſuperiours.

The meekneſs of Affection conſiſts in reducing the Paſſions to a Temper and Calmneſs, not ſuffering them to make Diſturbances to ones ſelf internally, or by breaking out to diſquiet others; and to theſe Regulations Meekneſs is generally ſubſervient, and highly qua'ifies Men and Women for the largeſt accompliſhments: To theſe add Compaſſion and Piety, and do every thing ſeaſonably, and with ſuch an Eveneſs of Temper, that all your Actions may render you Eſteemed Abroad, and at Home in all Company and Converſation of all Degrees, as Superiours, Equals and Inferiours, do all things without Affection, which may inſenſibly carry you into many Errors; ever give place to your Betters, and ſtrain not Curteſie with your Equals for it, no, nor In-

ſeriours, but rather accept it by their free proffer, if you ſee it Convenient.

Modeſt Attire is one main ſign of good Breeding, and a Diſſertion from Pride; for a flaunting, gaudy Dreſs above your Rank, or if it be not, betrays an inward Pride, or, what is as bad, a vain fantaſtical Humour to be noted, as a Faſhion-monger, and think to be valued for that which is an others making, being prov'd of the Sempſtreſs and Taylor, as too many are, that value themſelves more upon their fine Cloaths than their Parts, but ſuch ſerve only as walking Comedies, to make the Wiſer ſort merry, and themſelves Rediculous.

Recreations well timed are proper, as well for Contributing the healthful Conſtitution of the Body, as to unbend the Cares of the Mind, but then they muſt be ordered in a moderate way, and being Recreations, they may be purſued as ſuch, and not ſo proſecuted that they may be lookt on as your Buſineſs, for that betrays your want of Diſcretion, and you may be taken to be Complaiſant, but not wiſe, to know what beſt Contributes to your being ſpoken well off, and even let your Devotions be carefully ordered in publick places, leaſt you give offence, or encouragement to others, the firſt to the Diſcreet and Devout, and the latter to the prophane and Careleſs, and ſo bring a Reproach and Scandal upon your Name, and in this point it is to be obſerved, that Religion doth not conſiſt in loud Reſponſes, Devout Convulſions, or praying in an extraordinary manner, though ſome Ladies and Gallants are ſo extreamly ſtiring at Church, that one would think the Worm of Conſcience made them ſo uneaſy to themſelves, and troubleſom

bleſom to others: They have ſuch a divided Face between a devout Ogle, and an inviting Glance, that the unnatural Mixture cauſes their pureſt Looks to appear ridiculous; therefore Modeſty is here particularly to be uſed, conſidering in whoſe Preſence you more immediately are, and what a weighty Buſineſs you are engaged in.

As for Motion, Geſture or Salutes, upon meeting with Friends, Relations or Strangers, or being introduced into Company; they are moſt ſeemly, when directed by the Rules of Modeſty and Gravity; not with too much Earneſtneſs, which makes Things of this nature look awquard, and not well timed. Be at no time too free in Diſcourſe, nor engage in unſeemly Laughter. Throw not out unſeaſonable Jeſts, or Quibbles, that may give Offence; for Things, though innocently meant, and really ſo in themſelves, not well timed, are many times ill taken: Wherefore, when you paſs theſe, you ought to be well acquainted with the Temper and Humour of your Company, that no Offence be given.

Be not unſeaſonably out of Humour; for that ſhews you are not Maſter of your ſelf, or at leaſt not of a Facetious Temper; and it will give Occaſion to reflect on you, as one moroſs, and of no Gentiel Breeding: Carry every thing, therefore, even; and ſo order Matters, that the leaſt Stain cannot fix on your Reputation, or ſpot your good Name; and ſo you will be eſteemed, and admired, your Fame and your Fortunes, no doubt, advanced; however, you will enjoy the Happineſs of Life, which conſiſts in Vertue, and is the only true Sweet it contains; all beyond, and on this ſide of it, being ſo frequently mixed and imbitter'd with Troubles and Vexations,

that

that they are not worth reaching at, or regarding.

I might consider of many more Particulars tending to Grateful Carriage, and Winning Behaviour; but having, by what has been said, given you a large Insight into what will chain all the rest to them, and wanting Space, I am constrained to omit Enlarging any farther upon these Particulars. I proceed therefore to Variety of other Matters, which I cannnot doubt but will be pleasing to you; for, past all Peradventure, a Woof of so many Threads can be no less. Variety is tempting, and Change is much desirable to the Reader: So that, giving a free Taste of what I conceive may best delight you, it may the more indear me to you, and oblige me for the future to serve you farther; in which, a willing Mind on my part shall not be wanting, if you contribute your Mites of Encouragement towards this, which, I dare undertake to prognosticate, will live, in spight of Envy, to see many good Days, and pleasure future Ages.

THE

THE Art and Myſtery OF LOVE;

Laying down Rules and Precepts to render Lovers Succeſsful in their Amours.

CErtain it is, that Love takes up a good part of the Buſineſs of Life; carrying with it pleaſing Heat, that heightens and warms Deſire, and that draws an Affection; and that Affection increaſing, aims moſtly at Matrimony, as its proper Centre.

Indeed, there is nothing more coveted by either Sex; and being a very weighty Buſineſs, it ought to be moved to with Caution, and great Regard. For, a Matter on which the Happineſs or Miſery in this World ſo mainly depends, ought not to be enter'd upon without mature Deliberation, and all the Foreſight that can penetrate into future Contingencies.

However, Nature has furniſhed Matrimony with thoſe concomitant and convenient Pleaſures, and

and render'd it ſo charming, eſpecially at a diſtance, that it is impoſſible to hinder the Impetuoſity of youthful Flames, and ardent Deſires. Notwithſtanding which, ſome Rules for, and Directions to Lovers, is thought neceſſary, that they may as well ſee with the Eyes of their Reaſon, as thoſe of their Paſſion, in the Management of ſo important a Buſineſs. And in this Caſe, *Ovid* adviſes,

If there be any in this Multitude,
That in the Art of Love is dull and rude,
Me let him read, and theſe my Lines rehearſe;
He ſhall be made more perfect by my Verſe.
By Art of Sails and Oars, Seas are divided:
By Art, the Chariot runs: By Art, Love's guided.

As it is natural for Men and Women to deſire, ſo is it as natural to deſire what is pleaſing; and that is chiefly Beauty and Comlineſs, with ſutable Concomitants: However, the Mind, in making Choice, is various, as the Fancies and Humours of the ſeveral Parties are inclined. As for Beauty, it conſiſts in the Lineaments and Perfections of the Face, and the Body's Actions and Demeanours; for without a beautiful Deportment, a fair Face, in the Eſteem of the Wiſe, is not of ſo excellent Regard. And thoſe who fancy themſelves beautiful without it, find not that Fancy hold in others; though, I muſt confeſs, in our Days, Money greatly atones for Imperfections. But here we intend not to meddle with Droſs, but what deſervedly may have Eſteem, when tried by Love's trueſt Touch-ſtone.

In the firſt place then, a Lover ought to have a good Confidence and Aſſurance of himſelf, that he is really worthy to merit the Favour and Good Liking of her he deſigns to join with in Marriage: For a low, mean Eſteem hinders Briskneſs in the Addreſs, and Freeneſs in Diſcourſe; giving the haughty

haughty Female a Ground to raiſe her Pride on, and to eſteem better of her ſelf than ſhe is. However, all things muſt be carried on with Modeſty, and Decency; nothing offered unſeaſonably, that may tend to Rudeneſs, or ſeem unmannerly; for, if, upon any ſlight Occaſion, your Miſtreſs conceives a Prejudice againſt you, it will not eaſily be reformed, or rectified; but many times improved, by the buzzing Malice of others, breaks out into Irreconcilable Averſion, if not Hatred.

Obſerve very nicely her Temper and Humours, and conform your ſelf to them in all reaſonable Reſpects: Be diligent and obſervant to win upon her; for many little Services, being officiouſly applied, takes more with the ſoft Sex, if rightly timed, and adapted to their Humours, than Treats or Gifts, unleſs you have to deal with one who is extravagantly profuſe her ſelf, and requires no leſs in her Admirers: And in ſuch a Caſe, it is to be conſider'd whether ſuch an one is worth a ſober Man's gaining; for, Ten to One, but being married, he ſoon repents his Bargain: Though moderate Expences in Courtſhip are at ſundry times unavoidable; and a Vertuous Woman, that means well, will deſire no more, leſt, if the Match ſhou'd break off, it ſhould redound to her Reproach; or if it take, there is ſo much waſted, that might have turned to better Purpoſes.

All her modeſt and reaſonable Injunctions, or Commands, muſt be complied with, and obeyed, with ſuch a ready Diligence, as if you were proud of the Service, and counted it the higheſt of Favours ſhe could confer on you.

If ſhe has any *Privado*, or Female Confident, you muſt always make fair Weather with her; but never be ſo familiar, as to give Grounds for Jealouſie,

Jealouſie, or a Miſtruſt of your Loyal Intentions to your Miſtreſs; and by this means the Suit will be the eaſier carried on, for the Fair One will communicate to her, what her Bluſhes, and the ſtrict Rules of Modeſty forbid her to do to you: She will be asking her Advice, how ſhe approves of you, and whether ſhe thinks it an agreeable Match, and lay open all the Secrets of her Heart; and then a little Backing and Approving will work mainly for your Intereſt; and knowing how her Mind moves, you may the better apply your Arguments and Reaſon to the purpoſe.

Beware that you cavil not at Faults in your Miſtreſs's Conduct; neither forget, as it appears ſeaſonable, to commend her Beauty and Vertues: For if you go about to lay any Blot or Stain on either, or do not rather extol them, ſhe will be apt to take Pet, and think you a Man of Indifferency; and that, after Marriage, ſhe ſhall be ſlighted, if not reproached.

Never promiſe more than you are ſatisfied you are able to perform; for being ſo taken tripping, you will hardly be credited in other Matters. Alſo be not ever punctual in your Times of waiting on her, but let them not be unſeaſonably, either to intrude into her Chamber, by way of Surprize, before ſhe is dreſs'd; or being fondly troubleſom to her, in keeping her up late from her Natural Repoſe.

Above all things, when you converſe with her, mark the Language of her Eyes, for they ſhew the Paſſion of the Mind, when the Tongue often either refrains to utter it, or denies what the Heart dictates, out of a ſeeming Baſhfulneſs, or a more ſubſtantial Trial of Affection.

Now and then a ſtolen or ſurpriſing Kiſs, ſeaſonably gained, will not be amiſs, but rather make

the

the fair Charmer more indearing to you, though she may seem to take a little coy Pet, and either struggle against it, or gently chide you; and then you must use your smoothest Rhetorick to excuse it: But in any sort, be not rude, nor boisterous, if you really intend to gain what your Wishes aspire to; especially with modest Virgins, whose Modesty cannot allow of such Freedom in Courtship; but if she admit you kindly to the Favour of her Coral Lips, you have then gain'd a great Point, and may promise your self more than a Probability of possessing all that is lovely and desirable, if your Impatince hinder it not. Yet some wild Ladies are much satisfied with the pleasing Violence of forced Kisses; but those I leave to the wilder sort of Men, being now laying down Precepts for modest Lovers, who design in Marriage no more, than to be happy by all the Vertuous Ways of a constant Matrimonial Love.

If your Mistress be at any time grieved, not only labour to comfort her, but seem to sympathise with her in her Affliction: Weep if you can when she weeps, and rejoice when she rejoices: Be not long absent from her in her Sickness, but bemoan her, put up your Wishes and Prayers for the Recovery of her Health, and do her all the seasonable and suitable kind Offices imaginable; which will greatly win on her Affection, and cause her to esteem your generous Pity and Tenderness, as valuable Proofs of your Love towards her.

When you walk, be hasty and careful to take up, and kindly deliver to her her Glove, Fan, or any other thing; which many times she will drop, on purpose to try your ready Obedience to serve her. If any Spots or fleeting Things light on her Clothes, be diligent and officious to brush them

them off; and ſometimes, to keep your ſelf employed, bruſh off nothing, as Lovers term it.

When ſhe is pleaſed to ſit, provide her the ſofteſt and moſt convenient Seat: Prefer her in all Places before others, if it be proper, or decent; or elſe leave her to her own Liking: Help her at the Table, to what ſhe beſt likes; kiſs the Glaſs where ſhe has drank, and do every little Service that may ſeem pleaſing in her Eyes. If it ſeems too much Flattery, extreamly to commend her Beauty, then lay that Obligation on her Vertues; extol the Beauty of her Mind, as moſt agreeable to you, above all Perfections upon Earth.

If urgent Occaſions take you from her for a Time, forget not to write the moſt ſoft and obliging Letters you can frame, to her; excuſing your Abſence, and earneſtly deſiring your urgent Affairs may not detain you from waiting on her, and paying thoſe Reſpects due to her Merits; begging her Anſwer, to comfort you, and ſupport your Spirits, whoſe Thoughts, in the midſt of your great Affairs, are continually center'd in her.

If you have a Rival, ſpeak not maliciouſly of him, leſt ſhe fancy you know he has an Advantage over you, and there is more of Merit in him, than ſhe has yet diſcover'd; but, as much as may be, ſhun to be with her in his Company, leſt, he knowing your Aſcendant over him, Heats ariſe, and your Miſtreſs be diſguſted. Watch her ſighs, that ſteal from her unpremeditated; her Bluſhes, coming and going; her laying her Hand on yours, and ſuddenly taking it off again; her gently Squeezing your Fingers: And upon a fit Opportunity, puſh boldly for the Prize.

Curious

CURIOUS SELECT POEMS, ON Sundry Occasions.

First, *Upon Love's Inconstancy.*

WHen most we love, and think our Wish is near,
Then from behind some Nook starts pale-fac'd Fear,
That long had lurk'd there to surprize the Joy
Too hasty born, and unfledg'd Bliss destroy:
O'er-casts the Soul, that just now beam'd a Ray
Of Comfort, bright as those of Infant Day.
Thus we, like *Sysyphus*, are doom'd to pain;
To roll the Stone, that will descend again.
When we have labour'd long in the great Task,
And think all gain'd that we can wish or ask,
Then a cross Wind, by fickle Fortune sent,
Whisks away what would give our Minds Content.
Like flatt'ring Dreams, a while all things seem fair;
But grasping at them, vanish into Air,

Delude

Delude our Hands, and leave our Souls perplex'd;
So are fond Lovers by Unkindneſs vex'd:
For a few Sun-beams, many Storms endure;
And when they think they have made all ſecure,
The beating Surges, puſh'd on by Diſdain,
And peeviſh Pride, ſoon undo all again, (Pain:
Drowning their Joys, yet keeps them freſh for
New Toils to undertake, at vaſt Expence,
In fond Expectance of a Recompence:
Which, if 'tis ever gain'd, 's not worth the Coſt;
Yet in this Enterprize are Numbers loſt; (ſtroy'd,
Loſt to themſelves, and Friends, their Peace de-
And Life's beſt Sweets by them left unemploy'd.
Thoſe who Indifferency chuſe, ſpeed beſt:
He who for Love does never break his Reſt,
Finds moſt the Fair One kind; for, *Parth'an*-like,
They deepeſt Wounds in their Purſuers ſtrike,
And take no Care to cure them, but retreat;
But the leaſt Facing, they'll more kindly meet.
If you would gain a Conqueſt with Delight,
At their own Wiles and Weapon with them fight,
And ſoon a Yielding in their Eyes you'll ſee;
And thereupon, ne'er doubt the Victory.

Love's Cure; or, the proud Lady ſtripp'd of her Charms. A Poem.

SInce *Sylvia* is reſolv'd, and ſtill remains
Proud of her Scorn, and ſenſeleſs of my Pains,
I muſt, I will her juſt Accuſer turn,
And quench the Flames that, unregarded, burn.
Help, mighty Love: Aſſiſt me, fierce Deſpair;
Aſſiſt the Suff'ring, to deſcribe the Fair.

Thou

Thou canſt with Words Imagination dreſs,
And to the Life of Fancy all expreſs:
Draw then the Picture of her ſtately Pride,
Which, whilſt it charms, more charming Graces hide.
Diſplay thoſe Beauties in cold Rigour loſt,
Like blooming Bloſſoms, nip'd with early Froſt:
Through ſhadow'd Colours, to her Eyes advance;
Shew how they ſtrike us with a careleſs Glance:
Yet let thoſe Eyes all Eyes with Wonder fill,
Whilſt, unconcern'd, they ſeem to ſave, or kill.
Then place her fond, imploring Lover there,
Thrown at the Feet of the Relentleſs Fair.

If with this Sight her Anger be not laid,
Revenge muſt then be call'd in to my Aid.
Come, ſweet Revenge, I'm now thy Darling grown;
For thou'rt above the Malice of her Frown.
My injur'd Breaſt with gen'rous Anger fill,
Reſolv'd to hate her, though I love her ſtill.
Let well-bred Duty, with ſtrict Juſtice, move
Reſentment; heighten, not debaſe my Love.
Yet, *Sylv'a*, ſay, What Beauty canſt thou ſhow,
But what thou doſt to my fond Paſſion owe?
At laſt I find it true, that Beauty lies,
Not in the Lady's, but the Lover's Eyes.
Rough Stone, into a Goddeſs has been wrought:
I grac'd your Form, I rais'd you thus in Thought,
And turn'd thy Imperfections into Charms,
Pigmalion-like, to claſp thee in my Arms.
'Twas I that neatly poliſh'd e'ery Part,
And ſet thee up an Idol in my Heart:
Paid ſuch Devotion to thy proud Diſdain,
As might from Heav'n, the Bleſſing ask'd, obtain.
I will Ungoddeſs thee again, proud Thing;
Reaſon takes back what frantick Love did bring.

The

The Roſes from thy Cheeks it now commands;
And Lillies, borrow'd, to adorn thy Hands;
And ſnatches (while of Charms each Part it ſtrips)
Pearls from thy Mouth, and Coral from thy Lips.
As Light, when e'er it caſts a Golden Ray,
Makes all things ſhine with borrow'd Luſtre, gay;
So have my Praiſes made thy Features bright,
And I may call them now my own by Right;
For, when thou ſcarce could'ſt boaſt a lovely Brown,
My Fancy made thee like a dazling Sun.
All this I claim, as by my Favour lent;
And leave thee nothing but thy own Contempt.
Thus Angels fell by Pride, that Female Sin.
Hadſt thou been meek, how glorious hadſt thou (been!

The Complaining Lover to his Falſe and Cruel Miſtreſs. A Poem.

MUch I endur'd, my Patience long oppreſs'd,
Tyr'd with ill Uſage, is o'ercome at laſt:
Be gone, fond Love; and leave my weary'd Breaſt.
Freed from thy Chains, I bluſh to think I bore
What without Shame I underwent before.
Conqu'ror, I proudly ſpurn poor vanquiſh'd Love;
Though long firſt, I at laſt ſo pow'rful prove.
Go on, perſiſt, you'll ne'er the Pains repent;
The bitter'ſt Potion's oft convenient.
And have I been ſo oft repuls'd, refus'd;
The cold hard Ground for my ſoft Pillow us'd?
Have I, whilſt you ſome Rival bleſs'd within,
Without, a waiting, ſlaviſh Servant been?

Nay,

Nay, I've ſeen more— the happy Man paſs by,
Feeble with Love, and over-toil'd with Joy.
Nay, worſe; he has beheld me in that place.
Oh, may my worſt of Foes prove ſuch Diſgrace.
Ha'n't I obſequiouſly, through all the Town,
Gallanted, Treated, Coach'd you up and down?
Lov'd for my ſake, whilſt in my Company;
Others you pleas'd, becauſe ador'd by me.
What ſhould I add? Your perjur'd Treacheries,
Mock-Vows, Sham-Promiſes, and Jilting Lies;
Yours and your Lover's ſilent, ſtolen Commerce,
By purpos'd Nods, known Signs, and Am'rous Tweers,
When by my Preſence bar'd a free Diſcourſe,
'Twas ſaid, ſhe's ſick; with eager Haſte I flew,
And found ſhe was not to my Rival ſo.
This, and much elſe, thus long I've tamely bore:
Get ſome new Fool, for I'll drudge on no more.
My Ship at laſt has gain'd the happy Port,
And brooks now ſafe the toſſing Waves with Sport.
Ceaſe your vain Wheedles, they'll no longer paſs:
I'm not the fond, believing Fool I was.
Yet, Ah— too thwarting Paſſions ſtrongly move
My doubtful Breaſt; hate one way, t'other love;
And Love, I fear, at laſt will Victor prove.
I'll hate you if I can; if not, at leaſt,
I'll love unwillingly. The Captive Beaſt
Likes not his Yoke, and yet is with it preſs'd.
Fly I your Crimes? Your ſtronger Charms reſtrain?
Thoſe do I hate, but thoſe I would in vain.
Thus can I not without, nor with thee live;
And ſcarce I know what I my ſelf would have.
O that you were leſs falſe, or elſe leſs fair:
Such Faults, ſuch Beauty, too too diff'rent are.
Your Guilt claims Hate; your Face does Love intreat:
Ah me! This ſtill more prevalent is, than that.

Spare

Spare then by all the Ties of former Joy,
By all those Gods so oft you're perjur'd by;
Nay, and that Charming, Lovely Face of thine,
By those bright Eyes that made me blind with Love,
Whate'er you are, you shall be ever mine,
Though you unworthy and unconstant prove.
I find I must with those fierce Gales comply,
That force my Sails to Love, in spight of me.

The Lively Description of the Bower of Love.

A Poem.

IN Antient Mountains stands, whose Friendly Shade
Shelters the Verdure of the Subject Glade:
No Snow dares lodge on its delicious Brow;
Nor ruffling Winds presume on it to blow.
The teeming Clouds, though fond to drop a Shower,
Dare never shed it on this Sacred Bower.
But Ease and Pleasure in soft Empire reign;
The Eyes saluted with a Lasting Green:
Nor dares Cold Winter there at all be seen.
The Eye proceeding, may a Plain behold,
Profusely circl'd with a Verge of Gold,
Which twines the Meadow in a Flow'ry Fold.
This was the Price of an Embrace, bestow'd
On Lovely *Venus*, by the *Lemnian* God.
Here too are Fields, vex'd by no Oxen's Toil;
But gentle Gales improve the fertile Soil.
There stands a Grove, to which no Bird must move,
Unless fair *Venus* does their Notes approve.
Here youthful Branches sprout; each Tree receives
Instilling Warmth, and moves its sprightly Leaves.

Inclining

Inclining Palms each other's Love inspires;
And in soft Sighs, seem to confess Desires.
Th' Amorous Pines too one another move;
The Vines grow wanton; Beeches whisper Love;
And all the Barky Tribe its pleasing Rites approve.
Two Springs of disagreeing Mixture glide,
And dissonant Murmurs one another chide, (slide.
Where Streams of Gall, with Waves of Honey
Here *Cupid* dip'd his Shafts, (so Antient Fame,)
Some in the Sweet, some in the Bitter Stream.
Swarms of young Loves around the Margin play,
Then dip their Wings, and laughing, fly away.
With these the cauteous Nymphs have stock'd the
But the All-powerful Deity of Love (Grove.
Alone from the soft Goddess *Venus* came;
The fairest Scion from the fairest Stem:
'Tis he, whose Pow'rs the Spheres and Stars obey;
To whom both Poles their distant Tribute pay:
O'er all the Universe this Boy does reign;
In Heav'n and Earth, none do his Pow'r disdain:
With equal Sway, o'er all Degrees he sits;
And *Jove*, his Thunder laid aside, submits.
On none but Hero's he employs these Darts;
The rest, on lower Souls, and meaner Hearts.
Here Sprightly Youth Despotically shoves
Decrepid Age; which, grumbling, thence removes.
At a due Distance a proud Palace shines,
Whose Gold with the reflecting Branches joins;
Whence the Gilt Beams return in Azure Lines.
Here well-wrought Gold and polish'd Jewels shew
What th' Artful Labour of a God can do.
Vast Beams of Emralds the Gilt Ceiling rear,
Which Pillars, hewn from Rocks of Jacinth, bear;
O'er which, th' Aspiring Pile adorns the Air:

By Walls of Beryl, Steps of Jaſper riſe;
Under proud Feet, degraded Aggat lies;
And Am'rous Landskips feaſt the raviſh'd Eyes.
The Court i'th' midſt, a Verdant Square does grow,
Where on their Genial Gleebs the Infant-Spices ſhow;
Whilſt through the Rhinds tranſpiring Odours flow;
Expenſive of their Sweets, the Tops they rear;
And thus mix kindly with the Ambient Air.
Here Caſſa, Amber, Cinnamon diffuſe
Their coſtly Breaths, and rich *Arabian* Dews.
Here Pleaſure rules, though ignorant of Law;
No Bound to ſtem Deſire, or prompting Nature awe.
Fair Nymphs, with Am'rous Strife, invite to Bliſs,
And a kind, faint Denial bids you preſs;
And Threats of Anger only court a Kiſs.
One vows y'are rude; Oh! if you do, ſhe'll ſhriek;
Then ſwouns into your Arms, and kindly leans her Neck;
Whilſt Tracks of Pleaſure, in becoming Streaks,
With lovely Guilt, adorn her bluſhing Cheeks.
Here, at a Nonplus, a young Lover glows;
Yet in Intrigue, a Novice baſhful grows:
There Antick Troops march on in Airy Files,
Hopes link'd with Fears, and Frowns a-breaſt with Smiles;
And melting Glances, back'd with Artful Wiles.
Next comes a Flight of daring Perjuries,
And lightly mounted on prevailing Sighs; (Skies.
They frolick in the Air, and brave the bluſhing
Muſe, skreen the reſt; what ſhuns the Light, declines
Nor dare to look, where *Phœbus* dares not ſhine:
But in ſubſtantial Darkneſs let them dwell,
By riſing Conduits, thick'ning to a Hell.

Lov'

Love's Golden Age. A Poem.

FAir Golden Age, not becauſe Rivers, purl'd
With Streams of Milk, to feed the Infant World;
And Virgin-Honey drop'd from e'ery Tree,
Nature's own Hive for the induſtrious Bee.
The Earth, untill'd, her Plenty freely gave;
And all the Labour was, to wiſh, and have.
When Stingleſs Snakes for Love, not Fear, did ſtray,
And in the Woods ſecurely loſt their Way.
Nor did above one hov'ring Cloud appear,
But undivided heav'n and earth look'd fair: (here,
And if the Gods make Heav'n, then Heav'n was
'Twas always Spring, and always like to hold;
And younger grew, as Time in Years grew old.
No Storm had rais'd thoſe Seas that lay beneath:
The New-born Winds as yet could ſcarcely breath;
Too weak to fill a Sail, or conduct home, (overcome.
Or War, or Wealth, which, more than War, has

Fair Golden Age, but not alone for theſe;
From ſomething greater ſprung thy Happineſs:
Happy alone, becauſe that empty Name,
That Airy Nothing, built on lighter Fame,
That Title without Subſtance, ſenſleſs Thing,
The World's great Idol, that much Care does bring;
Falſly call'd Honour, our worſt Enemy,
Had not imbitter'd Love with Cruelty; (Fires,
Nor bounded with harſh Laws thoſe Am'rous
Which die and languiſh in confin'd Deſires.
When Laws were Golden as the Age, and free
As Nature's Self, to love where beſt pleas'd thee;

'Twas then that to the bubling of the Spring,
Love first compos'd his Voice, and learn'd to sing:
Love that was so all o'er, and did not know
Himself the Use of either Torch, or Bow. (love,
Swains of themselves, and Nymphs untaught, did
And by a Thousand Ways their Passions prove;
Mixing with e'ery Word a softer Smile,
And Whispers longer Kisses did beguile.
Virgins blush'd not to shew their new blown Rose,
And all their Beauties did, unmask'd, disclose
The unripe Apples of their Breasts, which now
Are hid with Leaves, and ripe, but for one grow.
Passionate Lovers by the Fountain play'd, (made
Quenching those Flames there, which their Glances
Thou Honour first of all didst hide that Spring;
Increas'dst the Fire, yet didst no Water bring;
None to asswage the Thirst that inward turns,
And on it self, for want of Fuel, burns.
Thou first gav'st Laws to th' Motion of the Eye;
Taught'st it to frown, Disdain, and Cruelty;
Didst in a Dress imprison that bright Hair
Which was before so courted by the Air;
And hast such Reins on all our Passions laid,
That Words, nay, Looks, was of thy Laws afraid.
From these it is, O Honour, that we prove
Thieves, to procure what was the Gift of Love:
And all that we by thy Atchievments gain,
Is, that we may with greater Sense complain.

But say, great Pow'r, who e'ery where dost sway;
Whom Love and Nature (as we them) obey:
Ruler of Kings, why waits thy Greatness here,
Where Pride and Luxury dare not appear?
Alas, these Huts thy Lustre cannot hold;
There's Love, no Honour, in the Shepherd's Fold.

Go rather, and disturb some Gallant's Breast;
Go break the Soldier's, or the Courtier's Rest;
And leave us to our selves, who chuse to be
As little minded by, as we mind, thee:
A poor neglected Train, who would retrieve
The Golden Age, and by their Pattern live.
Let's love for Life and Years, have no long Truce,
Since one Hour many Changes can produce,
Let's love. The Sun, that e'ery Ev'ning dies,
And all Night buried in the Ocean lies,
Revives next Morn with an illustrious Ray,
And first renews his Age, and then the Day;
But when our Cloudy Day of Life is done,
Eternal Night and Sleep succeeds our Sun;
Then whilst we live, let's, undisturb'd, love on.

Conjectures on the Loves of Night and Day.

A Poem.

KInd Night and Day both Nature's Off-springs are; (fair,
And though the First's black Dress makes her less
Yet in her Jetty Robes not less desir'd,
But gay, in Sables, spark'd with Gems, attir'd.
She must be priz'd who friendly does bestow
Her many Bounties on all Things below:
Soft Sleep on Man, so to unbend his Cares;
And all Irrationals for Rest prepares;
Whilst smoothly glide the unregarded Stars,
Patching her Face, which if in one combin'd,
Some think the Day would be by Night out-shin'd:
Her sweet descending Dews refresh the Earth,
And give, as 'twere, to dying Plants new Birth,

Which Day's hot Beams has near a Period brought;
And ſtill by Lovers is her Favours ſought,
Shelt'ring the Bluſhes of the baſhful Fair,
And with her Sable Mantle ſhrowds their Fear.
Yet whilſt ſhe thus does others Good deſign,
For Love, her ſelf in Mourning-Weeds does pine,
And fain with Day ſhe would in Wedlock joy,
Who courts her too in all his brighteſt Rays,
And on her Beauties does at diſtance gaze:
But Fate forbids to her his kind Acceſs,
And ſhe's decreed to flee wiſh'd Happineſs:
Day mixes Sighs with fragrant Flowers, to ſend
His melancholy Charmer, which extend (mend
O'er her dark Empire: Theſe, though ſhe com-
As as a choice Token of his Love, yet flies (Skies;
At his Approach, through the vaſt Deſart of the
Yet 'tis unwillingly, and like her Sex,
Who oft, againſt their Wills, their Lovers vex;
They would comply, but Modeſty or Pride (chide.
Makes them do that for which themſelves they
Yet here it is not ſo, ſhe fain would meet,
But that a Boundard is between them ſet:
Laws of Creation bar theſe Lovers Bliſs,
And make them ſigh for what they'll ne'er poſſeſs.
Yet feeble Hope makes her neglect no Charms,
To draw him on into her willing Arms;
She quickens her black Beauty, which abſconds
In Jet, with bright Celeſtial Diamonds;
With glowing Rubies, ſeeded o'er with Light,
She does with ſilent, calm, ſoft Looks the Day in-
To kind Embraces; but it cannot be, (vite
As barr'd by Fate's irrevocable Decree.
Now, whether Time, their Parent, grudges it,
Or thinks not an Inceſtuous Marriage fit;
Or that an Union of their mixed Love,
Fatal to both, the Death of both ſhould prove;

Or

Or else confound the Universal Frame
By strange Disorder, to their endless Blame,
We cannot well determine, yet we find,
Fate seems to pity them, who love, unjoin'd,
And fain would meet, but are by him restrain'd
From consummating Joys, for which they 're pain'd,
And seem to pine and languish: Yet, lest Day,
Muff'd in Mists, should to Despair give way,
And gloomy Vapours veil his Golden Hair;
And lest Night's Sorrow should make her less fair,
By tearing off her sparkling Gems, and so
O'er all Creation a sad Darkness throw,
Each Morn and Ev'ning they, by near Approach,
Have Leave almost each others Hands to touch,
Whilst kind *Aurora* and fair *Venus* prove
Pitying Assistants to their gentle Love,
And with the Touch of their soft Hands convey
Ease to their Minds, whilst Dewy Tears display
The Sorrow they conceive by Nature's Spite,
And on each Herb their mournful Thoughts indite;
Whilst *Zephir*'s Sighs express he's paind to see
The Day pursue, and Night constrain'd to flee.
Yet these short Moments of an Interview
Renew their Love, and make it constant too;
Which fain with Kisses they would steal, but still
Fate crosses them, and interrupts their Will.
Yet some have fancy'd Day draws in his Light,
And steals to the Pavilion of the Night,
That so he, undescry'd, may revel there,
And rifle her black Beauties, whilst her Care
Each Morning is, to wrap her self in Rays,
And so secur'd, prevent all Eyes that gaze
On his bright Fires, from seeing where she is,
Or diving into her Intrigue of Bliss;

And tir'd with Joys, ſteals out to take the Air
When Ev'ning comes, and then Day looks leſs fair;
For her black Robes his glitt'ring Beauties ſhroud,
Whilſt Darkneſs the tranſparent Air does croud,
Unleſs the Silver Moon, with borrow'd Light,
Join'd with the Stars, does caſt ſome Shades of Light.
Yet we conclude not this, but ſtill remain
To think they in Purſuits and Flights feel Pain,
Though it is kindl'd with the pleaſing Fires
Of Wiſhes, Hopes, and tempting ſoft Deſires;
Whilſt they revolve through the Eternal Round,
And in Purſuit and Flight Viciſſitude is found.
Days, Weeks, Months, Years and Seaſons come and go,
And on the World large Bleſſings do beſtow,
'Tis Fate, indeed, denies this Pair to join;
But our proud Beauties fly out of Deſign
To be purſu'd, ſigh'd for, and give us Woe,
By Slights and Frowns they hourly on us throw;
Yet wiſh, like the Celeſtial Lovers too,
For thoſe Embraces which they do eſchew.
May ſuch, like thoſe above, their Hopes ne'er gain,
But endleſs Diſappointments make their Wiſhes vain,
And all their Beauties ſpotted with Diſdain.

On the Sun's Retiring, and Winter's Approach.

A Poem.

ALas! retir'd—— Farewell beloved Light,
To leave us ſhiv'ring in long Shades of Night;
Nought but corroding Cold, and gloomy Shade
Succeeds the mournful *Exit* thou haſt made.

All

All Nature's Sweets exhauſt themſelves in Sighs,
Languid and drooping, mourn thy Obſequies;
Careleſs, away our gay Attire we throw,
And a dull Sadneſs ſits on e'ery Brow.
Now no fair Nymphs in flow'ry Meadows play,
And with their Beauties make a brighter Day:
No active Shepherds bathe their pliant Limbs;
No Pleaſure-boat now dances on the Streams.

Nor is it Man alone their Sorrows vent;
Beaſts ſigh their Griefs, and, as they can, lament.
The Plants, though Men to them a Senſe deny,
The greateſt Grief of all do teſtifie;
They do not barely mourn, but alſo die.
This they moſt do; but if by chance there's one,
Whoſe Stock of Moiſture don't decay ſo ſoon,
Who 'bove the common Fate erects its Head,
And 's bravely green, when weaker ones are dead,
Some bleak North Wind blaſts its aſpiring Top,
Or in a Grave of Snow lies ſwallow'd up;
So forc'd to ſhrink into its warmer Urn,
There to expect thy long, long wiſh'd Return:
But then, as ſoon as thy refreſhing Rays
Unglaze the Streams, and lengthen our ſhort Days,
With joyful Leaps it rends the parting Ground,
And then more verdant than before 'tis found.

But e'er that happy Time approach again,
Winter will ſhew a long and tedious Scene;
Winter, the Year's Old Age, Old Age's Death,
That chills all Pleaſures with its freezing Breath.
But fond Complaints and fruitleſs Sighs are vain,
Fate has ſo link'd the Seaſons in a Chain:
Then to bewail what can't avoided be,
Is to increaſe, not eaſe our Miſery.

Then to dull Age let's pining Care bequeath;
And Sorrow to the fancy'd Ghosts beneath.
Let all but Mirth be baniſh'd quite from us;
We'll ſwim in Pleaſure, and with Joy carouſe:
Each Day ſhall ſprightly Wine our Brains inſpire,
That ſhall ſupply the Want of *Phœbus* Fire,
And raiſe the Fancy—— kindle brisk Deſire:
Then e'ery Night we'll taſte the Joys of Love,
Through all its ſecret rav'ſhing Lab'rinths rove;
And melting in the Arms of ſome kind Fair,
We'll lie tranſported in the warmer Air;
Where eager Kiſſes, and a cloſe Embrace,
Shall Winter's bleak Idea quite deface.

The Mournful Lover, on the Death of his Fair and Vertuous Miſtreſs.

A Poem.

NO more let Teeming Earth's kind Boſom yield
Her Balmy Sweets, to grace the ſmiling Field.
No more let the bright Streams forſake their Head,
To bathe the fertile Meads,—— *Dorinda*'s dead,
Whoſe beauteous Boſom nobler Sweets did yield,
Than all the various Glories of the Field;
Soft as thoſe gentle Rills that round them play,
Not fleeting ſo, but far more pure than they.

No more let Leaves adorn the drooping Trees,
But on their Boughs Eternal Winters freeze.
Let Roſes all their bluſhing Beauties ſhed,
And Lillies hang their Heads—— *Dorinda*'s dead.

Set

Set in her Bloom of Youth, who late out-vy'd
The Leavy Groves, in all their Verdant Pride.
Ruddy as blushing Morn, or Rose new-blown:
And by her Whiteness, Lilies lost their own.
Admir'd by Great Ones, gaz'd at by the Croud;
O'er-aw'd the Wanton, and did shame the Proud.
The gentlest Shepperdess of all the Plain;
Ador'd by me, and prais'd by e'ery Swain.
Where e'er she came, she rais'd a constant Spring;
The Rocks turn'd Pastures, and our Kine would (bring
Their Udders strutting home——
The Bee-Hives soon with noblest Sweets o'er-flow'd;
And shooting Oaks, as if to greet her, bow'd.
When-e'er she left the Field, the drooping Trees
Drop'd their pale Leaves around: The lazy Bees
Starv'd in their empty Cells; the Flocks decreas'd;
And all the Rural Sports and Musick ceas'd.

Sweet is the tender Grass, and gawdy Flowers;
So is the Field new-dash'd with Pearly Showers;
Fragrant the Banks of e'ery Crystal Stream,
And Virgin-Loves are a delightful Theme.
More sweet than all is dear *Dorinda*'s Name,
Fragrant as Vertue, and as large as Fame;
Soft as the Coolings of the gentle Breeze;
To weary Shepherds soft as murm'ring Trees
When fan'd with *Zephir*'s Breath, and purling Rills,
Which o'er smooth Stones a Teeming Rock distils.
Soft as the Mournings of her dying Swain;
Harmless as Sports on Flow'ry *Tempe*'s Plain:
More soft, more harmless dear *Dorinda*'s Mind;
From all the Dross of common Clay refin'd.
But, Ah! pale Death has snatch'd the lovely (Maid;
Inexorable, and not to be stay'd;
In a dark Vault the Lifeless Corps he's laid.

Her

Her Cheeks no Lilies now, nor Roſes grace;
But Humid Paleneſs has uſurp'd the place.
When firſt abroad the doleful News was ſpread,
And the ſad Eccho ſigh'd *Dorinda*'s dead,
My Blood run back, chill Horrour did convey
Ice to my Veins: In Sorrow all the Day,
Clouded I ſate, and wiſh'd, like *Niobe*,
I might her Mourner, and her Marble be:
Turn'd to a Stone, I might have that Content,
But to embrace her as her Monument.
Yet Fate conſented not, and I muſt live
More ling'ring Days, to have more Time to grieve.
Nor I alone her early Fate deplore;
The grieved Flocks their Paſtures mind no more;
The whiſp'ring Woods *Dorinda*'s Death condoll'd,
From Hill to Hill the diſmal Tidings roll'd;
And e'ery Rill, ſupply'd by weeping Springs,
Now to the Main a Mournful Tribute brings:
The Clouds do weep, and gloomy Sables wear,
Condoling her, who living, was Earth's Star;
And carry'd to her Grave all that was good and fair.

Love made Impotent; or, The Diſappointment.

A Poem.

I.

ONE Day the Amorous *Philander*,
By impatient Paſſion ſway'd,
Surpriz'd fair *Sylvia*, that Inchanting Maid,
Who cou'd defend her ſelf no longer.

All

All things did with Love conſpire:
The Gilded Planet of the Day
Was juſt deſcending to the Sea,
In his gay Chariot drawn by Fire,
And left no Light to guide the World,
But what from *Sylvia*'s Eyes was hurl'd.

II.

In a Lone Thicket, made for Love,
Silent, as yielding Maids conſent,
She, with a charming Languiſhment,
Permits his Force, yet gently ſtrove.
Her Hand his Boſom ſoftly met,
But not to put him back deſign'd;
Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
Whilſt he lay trembling at her Feet.
Reſiſtance 'tis too late to ſhew;
She wants the Pow'r to ſay--- Ah--what d'ye do?

III.

Her bright Eyes ſweet, and yet ſevere,
Where Love and Shame confus'dly ſtrive,
Freſh Vigour to *Philander* give:
And whiſp'ring ſoftly in his Ear,
She cry'd--- Ceaſe--- ceaſe--- your vain Deſires,
Or I'll call out--- What would you do?
My dearer Honour, e'en to you,
I muſt not--- cannot--- give--- Retire,
Or take that Life, whoſe chiefeſt part
I gave you, with the Conqueſt of my Heart.

IV.

But he, as much unus'd to Fear,
As he was capable of Love,
The happy Minute to improve,
Kiſs'd her Lips, her Cheeks, her Hair.

Each

Each Touch his new Desires alarm'd;
His trembling, burning Hand he press'd
Upon her melting Snowy Breast,
Whilst she lay panting in his Arms.
All her unguarded Beauties lie,
The Spoils and Trophies of the Enemy.

V.

And now, without Respect, or Fear,
He seeks the Object of his Vows;
His Flame no Modesty allows:
By swift Degrees advancing, where
His daring Hand that Altar seiz'd
Where Gods of Love do sacrifice;
The Awful Throne, that Paradise,
Where Rage is tam'd, and Anger pleas'd:
The Living Fountain, from whose Trills
The melting Soul in Balmy Love distils.

VI.

Her Ruby Lips encountring his,
In sweetest Union were combin'd;
Where both, in Transports unconfin'd,
Extend themselves upon the Moss.
Silvia, half dead, and breathless, lay;
Her Eyes appear'd like Humid Light,
Such as divide the Day and Night;
Or Falling-Stars, whose Fires decay:
And now no Sign of Life she shows——
But what in short-breath'd Sighs returns and goes.

VII.

He saw how she expanded lay;
He saw her Rising Bosom bare;
Her loose, thin Robes, through which appear
A Shape design'd for Love and Play.

Aban-

Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame,
She does her softest Sweets dispense,
Off'ring her Virgin-Innocence,
A Victim to Love's potent Flame;
Whilst the o'er-ravish'd Shepherd lies,
Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

VIII.

Ready to taste a Thousand Joys,
The too transported, hapless Swain
Found the vast Pleasure turn'd to Rain,
Pleasure, which too much Love destroys.
The willing Garments by he laid,
And, Heav'n all open to his View,
Mad to possess, himself he threw
On the Defenceless, Lovely Maid.
But, oh! what envious Fates conspire
To snatch his Pow'r, yet leave him the Desire.

IX.

Nature's Support, without whose Aid,
She can no Humane Being give,
It self now wants the Art to live;
Faintness its slacken'd Nerves invade,
In vain the enrag'd Youth essays
To call his fleeting Vigour back;
No Motion can it self from Motion take:
Excess of Love, his Love betrays.
In vain he toils, in vain commands;
Th' Insensible fell weeping in his Hands.

X.

In this so Amorous cruel Strife,
Where Love and Fate were too severe,
The poor *Philander*, in Despair,
Renounc'd his Reason, with his Life

Now

Now all the brisk and active Fire,
Which should the Nobler Part inflame,

Had left no Spark for new Desire:
Not all her naked Charms could move,
Or calm that Rage which had destroy'd his Love.

XI.

Sylvia returning from the Trance
Which Love and soft Desires had bred,
Or guided by Design, or Chance,
Upon the fabulous *Priapus*,
The potent God, as Poets sing,
But never did young Shepherdess,
Gath'ring of Flowers upon the Plain,
To make a Garland for her Swain,
More nimbly draw her Finger back,
Finding beneath the Verdant Leaves a Snake,

XII.

Than *Sylvia* her fair Hand withdrew,
Finding that Prop of her Desires
Disarm'd of all its potent Fires.
And cold as Flow'rs bath'd in the Morning-Dew.
Who can the Nymph's Confusion guess?
The Blood forsook the kinder Part,
And strew'd with Blushes all her Face;
Which doth Disdain and Shame express.
And from *Philander*'s Arms she fled,
Leaving him panting on the Gloomy Bed.

XIII.

Like Lightning, through the Grove she hies;
As *Daphne* from the *Delphick* God.
No Print upon the Grassy Road
She leaves, to instruct pursuing Eyes

The

The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,
And with her rumpl'd Garments play'd,
Diſcover'd in the flying Maid
All that e'er Nature made of fair.
So *Venus*, when her Love was ſlain,
With Fear and Haſte flew o'er the fatal Plain.

XIV.

The Nymph's Reſentment none but I
Can well imagine, or condole:
Yet none can gueſs *Philander*'s Soul,
But thoſe that ſway'd his Deſtiny.
And nothing now his Fury ſpares,
His ſilent Grief ſwell'd up to Storms;
He bans his Birth, his Fate, his Stars;
But more the Shepherdeſs's Charms,
Whoſe ſoft, bewitching Influence
Had damn'd him to the Depth of Impotence.

In Contempt of Worldly Vanity.
A Poem.

THere is a Tax that muſt be pay'd to Fate,
By each aſpiring Soul that dares be Great:
Some Adverſe Motto the brave He declares,
Who aims at Heav'n, and does deſign the Stars.
No Minor Vertue, Vulgar Piety,
Can have the Priv'lege of Adverſity.
No, 'tis for Souls that heighten'd Notions move,
Refine their Nature, and advance their Love.
Thoſe, againſt Threats, and Racks, and Hell, have ſtood,
In ſpight of Flames, irrefragably good.
Since Death's intail'd, and we are Heirs to Sin,
'Twill coſt us Pains before we can refine;

For

For we are dull and Emphathetick Clay,
Which Sweat muſt moiſten e'er it will give way.
To calcine Nature, ſublimate each Thought;
And raiſe the Soul to Heav'n, from whence 'twas brought;
Now pent in Veins, and to the Body given:
She fights with Fleſh, and fiercely ſighs for Heav'n;
And muſt obey whilſt now the Limbs controll,
Yet darts a Wiſh into the diſtant Pole
So a chain'd Eagle, forc'd to grovel, lies:
Remove the Clog, and ſuffer her to riſe,
Away ſhe mounts into her Native Skies.

Man Deceived; or, Seeming Beauty.

A Poem.

EAch Lover thinks the Object of his Flame
The greateſt Beauty, Nature e'er did frame;
Though ſhe be leaſt what ſhe would moſt appear,
Whilſt Dreſs and Artifice embelliſh her;
Though all the Snow and Roſes in her Face,
To Art's well-temper'd Colours owe their Grace;
Though her white Teeth, in Order to compleat,
Are e'ery Morning conſtantly new ſet;
Though High-rais'd Shooes, and Artificial Hair,
Her Heighth advance, and Baldneſs does repair;
Though her warp'd Body ſhe wears arm'd in Steel;
Though lean as Famine, all her Bones you feel;
Though all that makes her lovely in the Day;
She e'ery Night does on her Toy'et lay; (Charms,
And when once ſtrip'd of theſe, hir borrow'd
She's perfect Hag, to fright you from her Arms.

A Love-

A Love-Poem, in Commendation of a Beautiful Lady, &c.

THE happy Day when first I gaz'd on you,
And saw all Heav'n expos'd to Mortal View:
Unjustly we of *Phaeton* complain;
Your Looks have set the World on fire again:
Looks so Divine, so lovely bright, so pure;
Not uncompounded Essences are more.
Modest, as she who first salutes the Sky,
And blushes at th' Approach of *Phœbus* Eye.
Pleasant as Spicy Blossoms, which consume
And breath away their Lives in rich Perfume.
So like our Mind, which through the purest Skin,
Displays its Nunnery of Thoughts within.

With such a Grace the precious Flies appear,
Enshrin'd in Crystal, or an Amber Tear.
But, sure, you have no Matter; sure, your Mind
Is clad in Substances of Souls refin'd:
Or else Dame Nature longer did delay,
Curious to find some nobler Piece of Clay, (way.
Whilst your impatient Form stole unarray'd a-
Or else Heav'n sent you, thus to let us see,
What at the Resurrection we shall be.
You shew the World, by your exalted Flame,
That Love is more than what 'tis thought, a Name:
And, free from Dross, the purer Part enjoy,
Which Time can not, like Vulgar Loves, destroy.
Advance then, Beauteous Maid, till you improve
Platonick, to Divine Seraphick Love,
And share below the Bliss of those above.
The Bounteous Gods, to make you happy, join'd
A Graceful Body to a Gen'rous Mind.

Nor

Nor Riches only they on you beſtow;
But, which is beſt, the Art to uſe them too.
Wiſdom they to their Darling Daughter give,
Which tell you how to ſpeak, and how to live.
Health next, and Fame they added to the Store;
And having giv'n you theſe, can give no more.

Quaint Complemental Expreſſions to the MALE SEX.

SIR, I am an Admirer of your Vertues, which have bound me to your Service, in the ſtricteſt way to oblige you.

Sir, I think it the greateſt Happineſs in the World, that I am accounted worthy to be eſteemed your Friend.

Sir, If the whole Buſineſs of my Life can make a Retaliation for the many Favours you have heaped upon me, I ſhall think my Endeavours well beſtowed.

If any thing, *Dear Sir*, is in my power to oblige you, make it your Requeſt, and call it your Command.

Sir, Your Favour has revived me; and it muſt be my Study to find Means to be accounted worthy of ſo great a Benefit.

Sir, I ſhall ever eſteem your Happineſs as my own: Nor can I eſteem my ſelf happy in partaking of any Bleſſing, you ſhare not with me.

Sir, Could you conceive how earneſtly I labour to pay an Acknowledgment due to your Merit, and how little I am able to perform it, you would, paſt all Peradventure, pity my fruitleſs Labours.

Sir,

Sir, I will make it my Study, and ſhall be proud if I can find out a Way to oblige you.

Sir, I have ſlightly, by Fame, heard of your Worth; but in your Converſation, I find it has exceeded Report, and would have put her out of Breath to have ſounded your true Praiſes.

Worthy Sir, As I am an Honourer of True Worth, I cannot place my reſpects any where better than in centring them in your ſelf.

Sir, Above all Men living, I am bound to you; and, Bankrupt-like, muſt own, my Stock is ſpent that ſhould have paid the Debt, whilſt I deſpair to raiſe another, anſwerable to the Obligations I lie under.

Sir, Let me embrace you with all the tender Endearments of a Friend; and you eſteeming me ſo, will enlarge my Happineſs.

Sir, I am the humbleſt of your Servants; and though I was pain'd with the Senſe of your Danger, yet a ſecret Joy bore up my Diſcontents, whilſt my Ears were filled with the pleaſing Sound of your noble Actions and Atchievments.

Sir, I am the humbleſt, and moſt obedient of your Servants; and ready to do your Pleaſure at all times.

Quaint Complemental Expreſſions to the FEMALE SEX.

Madam, Gazing on your Beauties, I forget my ſelf; and raiſe my Deſires above my Expectations.

Pardon me, *Dear Madam*, for this bold Intruſion, and vouchſafe me to be regiſter'd among the Number

Number of your Admirers, and I shall conclude my self the happiest of Mankind.

Madam, Blame me not for my Pretensions to Love, since Irresistible Fate pushes me on; and if I offend herein, impute it to my Misfortune, more than my Fault, and give me Generous Pity.

Madam, Your Eyes are the Load-Stars by which I must steer to the Haven of my Happiness, or be ever lost in a tempestuous Sea of Disconsent, and be in danger to be dashed and broken on the Rocks of Despair.

Happy (*Fair Lady*) is the Man that lives in the Sunshine of your Favour, who can smile on him transporting Joys at your pleasure.

Madam, Your admirable Vertues far exceed the fading Charms of Beauty, and are Gems inestimable.

Madam, Since you refuse to let me live in hopes of enjoying your Favour, keep me not on the Rack, but shew a noble Pity, by giving me leave to die, whilst you ascend to Joy in my happy Rival's Arms.

Fair Lady, Your Seraphick Beauties lay Snares to intrap my Soul, by making me turn Idolater, and pay my Devotions to you, as a Deess.

Madam, Be for once merciful, and cure the Wounds you have made: Suffer me not to live in Pain, when it is in your Power to give me Ease.

Madam, Instruct me to find some Requital for the Favours you have heaped upon me, and you shall see with what Readiness I will obey you.

Madam, The Roses and Lilies in your fair Cheeks are continually blooming: Eternal Springs dwell, when Nature is wrapped in Winding-sheets of Snow.

I beseech

I beseech you, *Madam*, frown not on me, nor cloud that Heaven of Beauty which dazles with Refulgent Light, lest a horrid Night surrounds my starting Soul.

Some Stanza's and Distichs, by way of Complement and Courtship.

I.

MAdam, as *Cynthia*, 'mong'st the vanquish'd Stars,
Your Lustre shines; nay, dazles more than hers
When she comes forth to gild the Sable Night,
In her full Orb, and rich Majestick Robes of Light,
Bright'ning with Rays the Universe all round,
Whilst she with Golden Sun-beams, set with Stars, is Crown'd.

II.

Madam, You are the Nation's Boast, and Pride;
You but appearing, other Beauties hide;
A strange Eclipse upon their Glories bring,
And make what else seem'd bright, a cloudy thing.

III.

Madam, If I offend, forgive my Fault,
Since I to do it, by your Eyes was taught.

IV.

Ah! now y'are kind; you now have made me bless'd:
After long, tedious Toil, y'have giv'n me Rest:
The Land of Promise kindly you bestow;
And now no farther I desire to go.
Come all ye softer Beauties; come and see,
How, Love-united, kindly we agree,
And taste the Earnest of Eternity.

V. Once,

V.

Once, Beauteous Maid, I fancy'd I was free,
And could your Eyes, ſecure from Danger ſee;
But, fatal to my Peace, I was deceiv'd,
And now muſt die, unleſs by you repriev'd.

VI.

Madam, I'm ſerious; pray, believe 'tis true;
Or Time will ſadly ſet it to your View.
Oh! trifle not with one who is your Slave;
Lives by faint Hopes, and ſo delays his Grave.
Yet when the dazy Miſts ſwim round his Eyes,
And his freed Soul's juſt mounting to the Skies,
Though by Unkindneſs ſlain, he'll mourn your Grief,
Whilſt ſhort, thick Breath catches a parting Life.

VII.

Fame, Honour, Riches, I to you reſign,
Since 'tis all Night when you refuſe to ſhine.

VIII.

Pleas'd with your Smiles, I ask no greater Bliſs;
Higher Ambition wounds my Happineſs.

XI.

Forgive my Crime, thou faireſt of thy Kind;
And with that Mercy beautifie thy Mind.

Burleſque, or Banter, on the MALE SEX.

SIR, I would willingly proſtrate my ſelf at the Foot-ſtool of your Underſtanding, if you will be ſo kind as to direct me where to find it: Otherwiſe, I proteſt, I dare not attempt it, leſt I ſhould injure you, or my ſelf the rather, by ſtumbling on your Ignorance.

Sir,

Sir, I ſhould be proud to court your Friendſhip, did not an odd Whim come into my Head, that it would prove as troubleſome to me, as it has done to others.

Sir, You are ſo extreamly pleaſant, that were you among the Wits, they would take you for a Moving Comedy, and Criticize upon you.

Well, *Sir*; I know not what makes me thus ſtrangely fond of you—— But yet, methinks, I am never happier, than when you are generouſly pleaſed— to take your ſelf from me.

Sweet Sir, Let me intreat you to deſiſt from your Jeſting, leſt the Landreſſes curſe you for making the Ladies befoul their Smocks, in ſtriving too hard for a forc'd Fit of Laughter.

Good Sir, We know your Greatneſs; any one may ſee you are a Man of Bulk: And as for your Incomes, they'll never fail, whilſt Intruders grow fat at other Men's Tables.

Pray, *Sir*, may it pleaſe you, for the Satisfaction of thoſe who deſire your Abſence, to let me have the Satisfaction of waiting on you home.

Sir, Your gay Nonſence is exceeding taking to all that delight in it; therefore you would do well to get a Patent to ingroſs it wholly to your ſelf.

Oh, how happy, *Sir*, would the Man be, that poſſeſſes the Grant of your large Promiſes, were it not for that ungrateful Monſter Non-performance.

Sir, You look gay, as *Juno*'s Eye-tail'd Bird, who ſpreads his Plumes to be gauped at: And for Wiſdom, you equal the Long-bill'd Creature, that rather chuſes to run into the Snare, than ſeem a Coward to ſhun it.

Burleſque, or Banter, upon the FEMALE SEX.

Madam, How ſhall I praiſe you ſufficiently, unleſs you kindly inſtruct me; for, I proteſt, I ſhall, otherwiſe, be altogether ignorant of of your Vertues.

Dear Lady, How proud am I of your Converſation, who are ſo great a Reſtrainer of Youthful Vices, that ſeeing your Face, all Letchery is Antidoted!

Lady, You bleſs thoſe you beſtow your Favours on with ſuch Abundance, that they are ſatiated, and deſire no more.

Madam, So ponderous are the Obligations with which you load me, that if I lay them not aſide, I may chance to faint under the Burthen.

Sweet Lady, The Twinkles of your Eyes appear like two Twin-Stars, peeping through a miſty Night; and give as fierce a Light as two glorious Candle-Snuffs, winking in the Socket, to ſhew us how near their Luſtre is expiring.

Madam, Your Face rivals the *Indies*, appearing to our View, a Rock of Rubies, in gaining which Riches, 'tis plain, you have been kind to your ſelf.

Ah, *Madam!* How charming you are! What coming Temptations make you deſirable to all that are fond of being Jilted!

Madam, Your Nets are curiouſly laid; but the Maſhes are ſo wide, that even the Senſleſs Cullies you intangle eſcape e'er you have Time to ſecure them.

Madam,

Madam, Your Inclinations to purſue Vertue are apparent many ways, as we are bound to believe by your own Expreſſion; but you creep ſuch a Snail's Pace after it, that it is a Hundred Pounds to a Nut-ſhell, whether you will ever overtake it.

Madam, We doubt not but Nature might have deſign'd you fair, had not Deformity, unawares, crept in, and rumpled your Beauties in her Mold.

Madam, We muſt of neceſſity have a melancholy World if Death ſhould deprive us of you, ſeeing you are all over Comedy, and the Acting Stage of Genual Recreation.

Madam, Though ſome may boaſt of Pearls, cover'd with Coral Lips, your Treaſure exceeds far the Yellowneſs of the one, and the Blueneſs of the other; adorning your Beauties with Saphyrs and Cryſolites.

Madam, You are ſo all over obliging, that I muſt ſtudy the Art of Memory, leſt I ſhould forget wherein you have favour'd me; whilſt your Memory fails not to tax me with Ingratitude.

Madam, You are all over ſo charmingly pleaſant, that, did not other Buſineſs call me away, I could willingly ſpend a dozen Minutes, to let you know how paſſionately I admire you.

Courteous Lady, You are ſo favour'd by your Fate, that Viſitants keep at an awful Diſtance, as commanded from too near an Approach by the *Arabian* Perfumes of your Breath.

Puns and Repartees.

Madam, I vow, you look wondrous pretty: You are not only So-ſo, but handſom to a Miracle.

Sir, I wiſh I could ſay as much by you, to retaliate your Complement; but it being impoſſible, unleſs I be-lye my ſelf, or wrong my Judgment, I ſhall paſs it over.

Fair Lady, Since Fortune has thrown me in your Way, thus I kneel, to beg a Kiſs of your brown Hand.

Truly, *Sir*, How kind Fortune has been to you, I know not; but, truly, ſhe has dealt ſomewhat unmannerly with me, in throwing ſuch a Block in my way, to interrupt my Walks.

Truly, *Madam*, your Beauties ſhine like the Wings of a Raven; caſting a Luſtre from their very Night.

And under that Favour, *Sir*, it ſeems, you ad-ventur'd abroad; for the Luſtre of the Day confines Owls to their Dormitory.

Alas, *Madam*, did I but know your Worth, might, for any thing appears to me to the contrary, account you worth the prizing.

Truly, *Sir*, though yours is very well known you have, ſure, met with ill-natur'd Acquaintance, for, it ſeems, no body thinks it worth valuing, but your ſelf.

Madam, Your twinkling Eyes, behind your black Vizor, look like Stars peeping out in Day-time, when the Sun is Eclipſed.

You ſay right, *Sir*, and it has wonderfully ſatisfied me; for, in Truth, *Sir*, I always took yo

your Underſtanding to be ſo clouded, that, had I not thus play'd at Bo-peep with you, it ſeems, I ſhould never have known that you had been witty.

Well, *Madam*, I ſee you keep up your wonted Humour; as frolickſom as ever. Is it not time your Wild Oats were ſcattered?

Truly, *Sir*, it is; and I could never have lighted on a better Opportunity to do it, ſeeing I have a Gander ready to pick them up.

Madam, however merry you may be to your ſelf, I know not; but to others, your Laughter looks ſo like Crying, that it miniſters Cauſe of Affliction.

Sir, I am ſorry any Action of mine ſhould infuſe a Heavineſs into you, ſince your own Dullneſs is a ſufficient Weight to preſs you into Melancholy. But I'll be judg'd by any one, if your Mimical Geſtures would not compel others to make wry Faces, or laugh, to prevent Spewing.

Madam, I am ſo much yours, that whatever you command me, I ſhall do what I liſt.

Sir, I am not ignorant that Fools are obſtinate.

ACROSTICKS on NAMES,

With Directions how to proceed by this Method, to any other not mentioned.

ACROSTICKS *are only Quaint Poems, or Verſes; each Line beginning with a Letter of any Perſon's Name, till the whole Name is finiſhed.*

EXAMPLES.

I.

M--adam, your Beauties repreſent the Skies;
A--ll pleaſing fair, to take the Gazers Eyes.
R--eſtrain'd by you, the Wanderer here ſtays,
J--ournies no farther, but his Search delays,
A--nd thinks none can be fairer, whereſoe'er he ſtrays.

II.

A--rt here is uſeleſs; Nature decks her Face,
R--oſes and Lilies ſtrive in it for Place,
A--nd ſhew that Native Beauty does excel,
B--eing long-liv'd; nor can Art draw ſo well.
E--nvy no Stain or Spot can fix on you;
L--ove, as your Beauty in you too, is true;
A--ll things conſpire to give your Fame its due.

III.

E--ſteem'd by all, and you deſerve it too;
L--ove's ſoft Deſires in Hearts does brood for you.
I--nſenſibly you charm, and cannot miſs
S--ecurely to obtain whate'er you wiſh.

A--Brave Retreat, when-e'er you pleaſe, you make:
B--ut fly not ſo, ſome kind Admirer take;
E--mbrace him in your Snowy Arms, and then
T--ell me what Cauſe you have to run from Men;
H--ad you done that, you'd ſoon return again.

IV. *P*--ra-

IV.

P--ractiſe no more your ſubtile Arts, but be
A--s kind as the firſt lovely charming ſhe,
R--efin'd from Man, to a much purer Mold;
T--aſte Love, like her whilſt Innocence did hold:
H--appy 'twas then, all natural; and no Art
E--clips'd the Bliſs, it reign'd in e'ery Part:
N--ature ſupply'd it with thoſe ſolid Joys
A--rt now has pall'd, and oftentimes deſtroys.

In this manner you may proceed to any; and if you ſee it convenient, place the Chriſtian and Sur-names in their due Order, and furniſh theſe with various Subjects.

ENIGMA'S,
With their SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMA I.

I'M call'd Unconſtant, and Offenſive too,
Though I a reſtleſs Task, for Good, purſue.
Time and I are of an equal Age:
Sometimes I'm ſoft, at other times I rage.
I rove the World about, yet e'ery where
I am perceiv'd; and All my Bounty ſhare.
Riſing from Deeps unſeen, wing for the Sky;
And where I liſt, without Controll, I fly.

SOLUTION.

The Wind's unconſtant, and ſometimes offends
By Boiſt'rous Storms, but to our Good moſt tends.

ENIGMA II.

I'm by a gentle Breathing firſt begun,
And by the ſame my Shape is carry'd on :
More frail than brittle Glaſs, but not ſo true ;
All preſent Things I repreſent to View,
In Colours various, ſtill in Shape the ſame.
Bloated, a while I ape the Heav'nly Frame ;
But when to full Perfection I am brought,
Away I fly, and vaniſh ſwift as Thought.
Proud Mortals, whom the fawning Crouds adore ;
I'm next to nothing, and you are no more.

SOLUTION.

A Bubble floats a while, but ſoon is gone :
So are the Things we ſo much doat upon.

ENIGMA III.

My Parents, from the Earth, aſpiring high,
Dy'd long before my Birth ; yet I
Grew great from them, and tall : With Wings I move,
And to the World do advantageous prove.
Whilſt Living Bodies I entomb, good ſtore,
I make my Way over ſome Thouſands more.
When I abroad do go, I'm wiſh'd again ;
And many for my ſake are oft in pain ;
But my Return huſhes their Cares ; ſo I
Unbowel'd am, their Wants ſo to ſupply.

SOLUTION.

With Oak and other Things a Ship is made,
Which Sails the Main with Canvas Wings, to Trade.

ODES

ODES on ſundry Subjects, or Occaſions.

True Love.

I.

MArk, when the Ev'nings cooler Wings
Fan the afflicted Air, how the faint Sun,
Leaving undone
What they begun,
Thoſe ſpurious Flames, ſuck'd up from Slime and Earth,
To their firſt low Birth
Reſigns, and brings
They ſhoot their Tinſil Beams, and Vanities,
Threading with thoſe falſe Fires their Way:
But as you ſtay, and ſee them ſtray,
You loſe the flaming Track, and ſubtile they
Languiſh away, and cheat your Eyes.

II.

Juſt ſo baſe Sublanary Lovers Hearts,
Fed on looſe, prophane Deſires,
May for an Eye
Or Face comply;
But thoſe remov'd, they will as ſoon depart,
And ſhew their Art,
And painted Fire.
Whilſt I, by pow'rful Love ſo much refin'd,
That abſent, yet my Soul is ſtill the ſame,
Can with the Element of Luſt and Senſe
Freely diſpence,
And court the Mind.
Thus to the North the Load-ſtones move,
And thus to them th' enamour'd ſteel aſpires:
Thus Anchoret I do affect;

And thus by winged Beams, and mutual Fire,
Spirits and Stars conspire:
And this is Love, (Things neglect.
That does poor Souls refine, and makes them Drossy

To his Mistress, on her parting from him.

I.

SO when the beauteous Soul prepares her way
To the far Country of Eternal Day, (Stay,
With such swoln wishful Eyes the Body courts her
As I did on my parting Life, my Mistress, look
When she the fatal Farewell took,
And left her Turtle here alone,
Whilst with her Presence she does grace
Some over-happy Place;
Happy as that to which blest Souls are gone.

II.

In vain Astrologers pretend to know
What Accidents shall happen here below, (shew.
What Weather, what Eclipses, the bright Planets
Their Calculations for some other Countries run,
Not made for Love's Meridian.
In vain they say 'tis Summer here,
Now my fair Nymph is gone; 'tis she
My Kalendar must be;
'Tis she divides the Season of my Year.

III.

Now Storms of Rainy Tears, and black Despair
Have taken up their Winter-Quarters here,
And Sighs that chill my Heart with more than (Northern Air.
Greenland's a temp'rate Clime, compar'd with fro-
Inhabited by Lovers Hearts: (zen Parts
When

When Abſence does her Beams with-hold,
Ah! ſure, you'll gueſs this Chill to be
Beyond the Eighth Degree,
When he that's all on fire complains of Cold.

IV.

To what a Nothing am I grown? And now
Scarce know I live, but by the Thoughts of you.
So Flow'rs that to the Spring their painted Glories (owe,
When ſhe on *Zephir*'s Gales has wing'd her fra- (grant Way,
In drooping wither'd Looks their Grief betray;
But at her bright Return, no more
Their melancholy Heads they hide;
But with an early Pride,
Start from their Beds, as glorious as before.

The Debauchee.

I.

HOw quickly are Love's Pleaſures gone!
How ſoon are all its mighty Triumphs done!
In vain, alas! do we the Banquet taſte,
Whoſe Sweets, as ſwift as Thought, are paſt.
In vain do we renew the Fight,
Whom ev'n the firſt Alarms do baſely put to flight.

II.

Happy great *Jove*, who in *Alcmena*'s Arms
For three full Nights enjoy'd Love's Charms:
Nature turn'd Bawd, her Monarch to obey;
And pimping Darkneſs did ſeclude the Day;
Whilſt in vaſt Joy the half-ſpent God did ſweat,
Joys as his Lightning fierce, and as his Godhead great.

III. Bravely

III.

Bravely begun! Oh, had he mounted higher, (ſire;
Fed ſtill with vig'rous Thoughts, and freſh De-
Were I but *Jove*, my boundleſs Reign ſhould (prove
But one continu'd Scene of Love;
In Extaſies I would diſſolving lie,
As long as all the mighty Round of vaſt Eternity

EPIGRAMS on ſundry Occaſions.

EPIGRAM I.

FAir is your Face, an Oily Tongue you have;
Yet what ſerve theſe for, but Man to deceive?
Like the Land-Syrenes, liſt'ning to your Note,
They're Shipwreck'd and devour'd when once they (float
Upon the fatal Shoars, in hopes that there
They ſhall be ſuccour'd by the charming Fair.
This is the Lot of moſt that truſt your Wiles,
Who carry ſure Deſtruction in your Smiles.

EPIGRAM II.

AMbition is the Saint to which you pray; (way
It ſwells your Mind, and uncontroll'd, makes
But hark a little; Could you reach your Aim,
Riches, Honour, Power, Revenge and Fame;
Would theſe ſuffice? No, you'd be mounting higher.
This puſh'd the mighty Angel to conſpire:
No Seas of Bliſs ſuffic'd, nor all the Glories giv'n,
Till big-charg'd Thunder drove him down from (Heav'n.
Nay, his Defeat he boaſts, and proudly fell.
So may they fare, that with Ambition ſwell.

EPI-

EPIGRAM III.

IF when I'm under Cut-Beard's dang'rous Hands,
He my Eſtate and Liberty demands,
I'll give it, and what elſe the Rogue would have;
For then he does as Thief and Shaver crave:
And Fear, to any Terms can make us ſtoop.
But when his dreadful Razor's once put up,
Should he but ſuch another Motion make,
I'd quickly break the ſawcy Raſcal's Neck.

EPIGRAM IV.

THough thou doſt Caſſia breath, and Foreign Gums,
Enough to put thy Miſtreſs into Fits;
Though *Rome* thy Hair, and *Spain* thy Gloves perfumes;
Few like, but all ſuſpect theſe borrow'd Sweets.
The Gifts of various Nature come and go;
He that ſcents always well, does always ſo.

EPIGRAM V.

DReſs'd like an Angel you appear; your Breaſt
Soft as the Clouds, where little Angels reſt:
All ſeems enticing. So the Snake that roll'd
Up the Forbidden Tree, was ſpeck'd with Gold
And Azure, whilſt the happy heedleſs Pair,
Admiring this, were taken in his Snare.
So thoſe whom your bright Looks draw on, won't fail
To feel, and curſe the Sting that's in your Tail.

EPI-

EPIGRAM VI.

CLoris, why all this Scorn? Some ſay, y'are pain'd
To force it on your ſelf, and that 'tis feign'd.
Well, 'tis no matter; it may ſtand in ſteed:
And Things well tim'd, will help us at our need.
I find the Jig on't now; you ſeem thus nice,
Since Cullies come but ſlow, to raiſe your Price.

EPIGRAM VII.

SIR, by your rigling Gate, and Jaunty Mode,
There ſhould be Breeding, at much Coſt, be-ſtow'd
Upon you: Uniform from Top to Toe:
I do proteſt you're an accompliſh'd Beau.
Why, you will give the Ladies Pain hereafter;
But then 'twill be the pleaſing Pain of Laughter.

EPIGRAM VIII.

GOod Sir, what makes you ſtrut? I pray, whence come ye?
Now, now I know ye; but I muſt not name ye:
You are the Man that does pretend to Senſe,
Law, and State-Politicks. But, pray, from whence
Came all this Knowledge? Whence this mighty Pride?
Pray, let Men know how Things go on your ſide,
Leſt the old Proverb on you ſome ſhould preſs,
That *Wiſdom dwels not with Conceitedneſs.*

A Col-

A COLLECTION OF Choice Songs,

As they are Sung, and in great Requeſt at the Court, Theatres, Balls, Muſical Entertainments, and other Select Places. Being, for the moſt part, taken from the Original Copies; very rare, and ſcarce.

The Diſtracted Lover. A Song.

I.

I Love to Madneſs, rave t' enjoy;
But Heaps of Wealth my Progreſs bar.
Curſe on the Load that ſtops my Way,
My Love's more rich, and brigh—ter far.
Were I preſs'd under Hills of Gold,
My fu—rious Sighs ſhould make m' Eſcape:
I'd ſigh, and blow up all the Mold,
And throw the Ore in *Celia's* Lap.

II. Were't

II.

Were't thou ſome Peaſant, mean and ſmall,
And all the ſpacious Globe were mine,
I'd give the World, the Sun and all,
For one kind brighter Glance of thine.
This Hour let *Celia* with me live;
And, Gods, could I but of you borrow,
I'd give what only you can give,
For that dear Hour I'd give to morrow.

On Beauty. A Song.

BEau---ty, like Kingdoms, not for one was made,
To be poſ---eſs'd a---lone:
By bounteous Nature 'twas deſignd
To be the Joy of Humane-kind.
So the bright Planet of the Day
Doth, unconſum'd, his Beams diſplay,
And gen'rous Heat to all diſpenſe,
Which elſe would die with---out that Influence.

Stolen Joys. A Song.

I.

WHen *Sol* deſcended to the Deep,
And Clouded Stars gave me no Light,
I ſtole to *Celia*, in her Sleep,
So ſhelter'd by the gloomy Night.
I crept into her open Arms,
Which Chance on purpoſe to had laid;
But going to poſſeſs her Charms,
Kind Love awoke the frighted Maid.

II. She

II.

She sigh'd and trembl'd, as in fear,
Whilst on her Rising Breasts I lay;
Crying, Alas, alas! who's here,
That seeks a Virgin to betray.
'Tis, I my Dearest, I reply'd.
Ha, you! said she: Oh, pray, forbear.
And softly out she cry'd;
But so, that none should hear.

III.

After faint Struglings, Joy commenc'd,
And in a Trance she fell;
And freely to my Pow'r dispens'd
Transports too fierce to tell;
Leaving her thus, I'm sure, well pleas'd,
Unless for my Retreat.
The Ice thus broke, her Coyness ceas'd;
And often we did meet.

The Bully. A Song, in Two Parts.

I.

Bully, MAke room for a Bully, or I'll your Bones ratt'e. (Battle?
Zo——s where is the Man now that dares talk of
What, Scoundrels, d'ye fly me? Ay, 'tis your best Way:
Off goes Heads, Legs, Arms, if that any dare stay.

II.

Gent. Come, come, Mr. *Bully*, 'twas I that was talking.
I. Was't so? Of Fighting—Nay, then I'll be walking.

G. Did

G. Did not you late bluſter what great things you'd do.

B. But when I ſaid ſo, Sir, I ne'er thought of you,
Or thought y' had been gone, or I had not come here.

G. Well, Bully-Ruffin, then take Kicking Chear.

B. From a Friend I will take it, Sir: But ſhould one kick me (be.
That was not my Friend, ſee how angry I'd
But a Kick at your Service, Sir, always is free.

Coyneſs reproov'd. A pleaſant Song.

I.

A Curſe upon the Faithleſs Maid,
Who firſt her Sex's Liberty betray'd:
Born free, as Men, to love and range,
Till nobler Nature did to Cuſtom change;
Cuſtom, that dull Excuſe of Fools,
Who think all Vertue to conſiſt in Rules.

II.

From Love our Fetters never ſprung.
The ſmiling God, all wanton, gay and young,
Shews by his Wings he cannot be
Confin'd to reſting Slavery;
But here and there at random roves,
Not fix'd to glit'ring Courts, or ſhady Groves.

III.

Then ſhe who Conſtancy profeſs'd,
Was but a well Diſſembler at the beſt:
And that Imaginary Sway
She gave, in ſeeming to obey,
Was but the Height of prudent Art,
To deal with greater Liberty her Heart.

The

The Gallant's Reſolution. A pleaſant Song.

I.

NOW I'm reſolv'd to love no more,
But ſleep by Night, and drink by Day:
Your Coyneſs, *Phillis*, pray give o'er,
And turn your tempting Eyes away:
From Ladies I'll withdraw my Heart,
And place it only on the Quart.

II.

I'll place no Happineſs of mine,
Fantaſtick Beauty ſtill to court;
And ſay ſhe's Glorious and Divine:
The Vintner makes the better Sport.
And when I ſay, My deareſt Heart,
I only mean it to the Quart.

III.

Love has no more Prerogative
To make me deſp'rate Courſes take;
Nor me to ſolitary Places drive:
I'll all my Vows to ſparkling Wine now make,
VVhilſt Beauty may go ſob and pine:
All Beauties join'd, have not the Charms of VVine

IV.

'Tis VVine alone that chears the Soul;
But Love and Ladies make us ſad:
I'm merry while I court the Bowl;
VVhilſt he that courts the Madam 's mad.
Then, Ladies, wonder not at me;
For you are coy, but VVine is free.

The Cautious Fair One. A Song.

I.

NO, never hope I'll change my Mind:
No—no—no—tho I my Scorn and Ri—gour
Fond Kind—neſs kills what Lo—ve deſign'd (feign:
To have pre—ſerv'd by wiſe Diſ—dain.
VVhole Years you ſtrive a Fort to take,
VVhich, when—'tis won, you ſcorn to keep:
Thus Love, when hun—gry, kee—ps awake;
But ſoon, when ſa—ted, fa—lls, fa—lls a—ſleep;
Soon fa——lls a——ſleep.

II.

No; could you once poſſeſs my Heart,
Which I'm reſolv'd ſhall never be,
I'd let you know the Female Art
Of Conſtant in Inconſtancy.
Forgive me if I falſe can prove,
Since I my Sex's Rules purſue:
'Twill only ſhew you that I love
Like you, to be always untrue.

Love's Combat; or, The Baſhful Bride. A pleaſant Song, much in Vogue.

THE Danger is o—ver, is over; the Danger is over:
The Battle, the Battle, the Battle, the Battle is paſt.
The Nymph had her Fears, the Nymph had her Fears;
But ſhe ventur'd, ſhe ventur'd, ſhe ventur'd at laſt.
She try'd the En—counter, and when it was done,
She ſmil'd, ſhe ſmil'd at her Folly, and own'd ſhe had won.

By

By her Eyes we diſcover the Bride has been pleas'd, been pleas'd:
Her Bluſhes be--come her, her Paſſion is eas'd:
She diſ--ſembles her Joy, and af--fects to look down,
Down, down, down:
If ſhe ſighs, 'tis for Sorrow, for Sorrow, for Sorrow,
For Sorrow 'tis ended ſo ſoon.

Paſſion Diſcovered. A Song.

I.

I Cannot ſigh and wiſh alone,
Though to ſpeak may be in vain:
I ne'er can be afraid to own
A Paſſion I muſt entertain.
If then this Addreſs accuſe,
Blame your faulty Charms, not me;
'Tis but juſt they ſhould excuſe,
Since they cauſe this Liberty.

II.

A mod'rate Paſſion unreveal'd,
Smother'd in my Breaſt has been;
As dying Embers are conceal'd,
Burn a while, and not be ſeen.
But when Wit and Beauty join,
Such a Fire as mine to raiſe,
Who can its fierce Rage confine?
It muſt needs burſt forth, and blaze.

The Unconſtant. A Song.

I.

UNconſtant! That Word ſtrikes me more
Than the bright Lightning of your Eyes,
That

That made my yielding Heart your Prize,
Which none could ever do before.

II.

Ah! Like a cruel Murd'reſs too,
You fly from your poor Lovers ſlain,
Some other Victim to purſue,
And conquer by your proud Diſdain.

III.

But why ſhould I from this deſpair,
Or at Unconſtancy repine,
Since only Change can make you mine,
Now you, at length, another's are?

IV.

What though the Heavens beauteous Frame
Duly delights around to move;
It ſtill returns again the ſame,
And does renew to it our Love.

V.

'Tis pity too, methinks, that ſhe.
By Love and Beauty, ſure, deſign'd,
Made for one alone ſhould be,
But to pleaſe all Mankind.

The Soldier's Advice. A Song.

I.

YOU whom cruel *Sy*—*via* charms,
Leave the Nymph, and run to Arms,
To A————————rms;
Leave the Nymph, and run to Arms:
Whilſt Ho—nour calls, whilſt Ho—nour calls,
For War pre————pare
Whilſt Honour calls, for War pre—pare;
Then return, then return,
To win the Fair.

II. Love

II.

Love, like Fame, is Va--lour's due:
Be but da--ring in the Field;
Thoſe who can a Foe ſubdue,
A Foe ſub----due,
Force a Miſtreſs ſoon to yield,
Force a Miſtreſs ſoon to yield.
Love, like Fame; Love, like Fame;
Love, like Fame, is Valour's due;
Love, like Fame, is Valour's due;
And to the Valiant they'll be true.

Celia's *Fondneſs.* A Song.

CE--*lia*'s fond, too long I've lov'd her;
Ce--*lia*'s fond, too long I've lov'd her:
Too much Flame, too much Flame
Con--ſu------mes the Fu----el:
Much ſhe pleas'd, much ſhe pleas'd,
When firſt I mov'd her;
But much more, but much more,
When ſh----------e was cruel.
E'er ſhe lov'd, e'er ſhe lov'd,
I did a----------dore her;
And give o--ver, and give o--ver,
Thus, thus, thus, thu-------s before her;
And give o--ver, and give o--ver,
Thus, thus, thu-------s before her;
Thus, thu----------s before her.

I.

COme happy Nymph, ador'd by all;
The Pride and Glory of the Spring:
Hear, O hear thy *Strephon* call,
Who to thee does Love's Off'ring bring,

Made

Made up of Vows, ne'er to be broke:
Then let us to the ſhady Grove,
And there the Deity invoke
To bind in everlaſting Bonds of Love.

II.

Never to part, nor know Inconſtancy;
But ever, ever, ever feed the Flame:
Like Veſtial Fires, that never die,
In Youth and Age, love ſtill the ſame.
We'll teach the World more Conſtancy.
No envious Fates ſhall ſhake our Mind;
We'll be the ſame until we die.
Then Love endleſs in our Joy—'s aſſign'd.

I.

WHat cruel Pains *Corinda* takes,
To force a harmleſs Frown!
When not a Charm her Face forſakes:
Love cannot loſe its own.
So ſweet a Face, ſo ſoft a heart,
Such Eyes ſo very kind,
Betrays the ſilly Art
Vertue hath ill deſign'd.

II.

Poor, feeble Tyrant; who, in vain,
Would proudly take upon her,
Againſt kind Nature, to maintain
Affected Rules of Honour.
The Scorn ſhe ſhews ſo helpleſs proves
When I plead Paſſion to her,
That much ſhe fears (yet more ſhe loves)
Her Vaſſal ſhould undo her.

III. Then

III.

Then ſtrain not ſo thy pretty Face,
Not us'd to be diſtorted;
But there keep up each winning Grace,
And ever be kind-hearted.
Woman her Glory does impair
By Frowns, more than by Smiles:
A Face ſo clouded can't be fair,
Nor take Men in Love's Toils.

The Indifferent Lover; or, He would, but cannot.

I.

LOng have I wiſh'd to know what 'tis to love,
And taſte that vulgar Pain;
Yet ſtill my Wiſhes backward fly,
And, by the God unpitied,
Deſire and pray in vain:
More deaf than blind the Boyiſh God does prove;
I'm with Indiff'rence chil'd, whilſt others burn with (Love.

II.

Come, King of Hearts, let mine be fill'd with thee;
Drive out this hateful Cold,
Or I thy Godhead will decry,
And 'tis a Poetick Lye,
To Children to be told.
A God unjuſt! No, this can never be: (me.
Yet ſo's that partial Power that makes all love but

III.

Earth, Air and Seas confeſs thy Lawleſs Reign:
Thou ſavage Beaſts canſt tame:
Birds, whilſt amidſt dry Waves they fly;
Fiſhes, that cut the Liquid Sky,
Slight not a nobler Game.

My Heart's more soft; strike deep, I fear no Pain:
Hard is his Fate, alas! who wishes to be slain.

IV.

Come Imp, a Shaft; Why all this dull Delay?
Hast thou spent all thy Store?
And art thou flying to supply
Thy Bankrupt Stock at some fair Lady's Eye?
The needless Chace give o'er:
Invade my Breast, my Heart will soon obey; (betray.
The Fort must quickly yield, while th'Out-works

V.

I ask not one whom none can parallel
In Beauty, Wit and Youth:
Let me but love, and I am well;
So she hath Sense and Truth,
I'll think she doth the brightest Nymph excel;
For, sure, none such is found without a Miracle.

VI.

See, see the stupid Trees; behold the Spring:
In e'ery thing Love's Heat's infus'd;
Here kindly Oak and Ivy join,
There lovingly the Elm and Vine;
And must I be refus'd?
In vain, I find, I call thee Buzzing Thing; (thy Sting.
Great *Mars* claims all my Breast, and shields it from

A Song upon seeing a Pink in his Mistress's Bosom.

I.

AH happy Flower! Pride of all
That dress the gaudy *May!*
What Monarch would not humbly fall,
And throw his Crown away?

His

His Heart, like you, might be a Guest
In the fair Palace of bright *Celia*'s Breast.

II.

How red the flaming Leaves do grow,
Warm'd by her neighb'ring Eyes!
Oh, that it would but melt that Snow
That in her Bosom lies;
And keep out Love, as the Cold Zone
Forbids the Kisses of th' approaching Sun.

The Captive. A New Song.

I.

E'ER *Phillis* with her Looks did kill, (was ill:
My Heart re—sisting, my Heart re—sisting,
Now in its Wounds I find a Cure;
When most they bleed, I least endure.

II.

For, though 'tis Death those Looks to meet,
There's Life in dying at her Feet,
Kill, *Phillis*, then; kill with your Eyes:
If you let *Strephon* live, he dies.

III.

Such Mysteries are in my Fate,
That when your Eyes their Beams abate,
A Thousand Frosts are in my Veins,
And I endure a Death of Pains.

A Scotch Song.

I.

Sawney is a bonny, bonny Lad;
But *Sawney* kens it well:
And *Sawney* might a Boon have had,
But *Saw—ney* loves to tell.

He wenes that I mun love him;
Soon gi'n Lov—ers now are rare:
But I'd as lief have none,
As one that Twanty, Twanty ſhare.

II.

When anent your Love you come,
Ah, *Sawney!* were you true,
What though I ſeem to frown and gloom,
I ne'er could gang from you.
Yet ſtill my Tongue, do what I can,
With muckle Woe denies:
Wae's me, when once I'ſe like a Man,
It boots not to be wiſe.

Innocent Love's Imitation. A Song.

I.

YOung I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a Lover yield;
How to keep, or how to gain;
When to love, and when to feign:
Take me, take me, ſome of you,
Whilſt I yet am young and true,
E'er I can my Soul diſguiſe,
Heave my Breaſts, heave my Breaſts, and roll my (Eyes.

II.

As yet I know no cunning Arts,
To make you ſigh, and wound your Hearts.
Don't delay then, leſt I prove
In time as cruel in my Love
As thoſe that make you ſuffer Pain,
And in fruitleſs Hopes complain;
Learn to frown, and grow ſo coy,
That you'll deſpair, you'll deſpair, me to enjoy.

A Song

A Song sung before the King.

HE leaves, he slights, he sligh—ts his precious Rest,
To force a rest—less Na—tion to be bless'd.
Such Va——lour, Prudence, Piety,
Had, 'in spight of Odds, in spight of Odds,
Like *Britain*, like *Bri—tain*, set 'em free:
'Spight of Odds, 'spight of Odds, like *Bri—tain*, set 'em free.
But an——gry Heav'n, but an——gry Heav'n;
A while disco———ver'd Rage,
To scourge, to scourge an impious Age;
To scou———rge an impious Age.

On Love. A Song.

I.

WEll, now, great Love, I plainly see
Thy Conquest over Poetry:
The very Lawrel, that's from Heav'n secure,
Must thy more potent Thunder-bolts endure.

II.

Ah me! I feel thy pointed Smart:
Sure, Sense ne'er lodges in thy Heart;
For yet the Knowledge of my Wounds does stay,
Though on thy Wings my Heart is fled away.

III.

'Tis gone, 'tis gone, to that bright She,
Who now is all the World to me;
Unto *Dorinda*, who does proudly sit
Upon the Throne of Beauty, and of Wit.

IV.

But, pardon, Nymph; nor wonder why
My flaming Love dares aim so high:
You know, alas! all Fire does upward go,
And soars to Heav'n: Why should not mine do so?

The Wounded Lover. A Song.

I.

NEver any *Parthian* Bow
So many Pointed Deaths did throw,
So many Darts as you comprize
In the two Golden Quivers of your Eyes.
But, Ah! too like the cruel *Parthian*, you
No sooner gave the fatal Wound, but flew.

II.

Yet, though you fly, still, in my Mind,
You 've left your kinder self behind.
My Heart would sigh, but does not dare.
For fear it soil your pleasing Picture there.
So unseen Angels work in Fancy's Theam;
And glorious Nothings please us in a Dream.

III.

Ah me! How vain this Shadow is!
Can I content my self with this;
Or as the fam'd *Pigmallion* do,
And make a Mistress of thy Likeness too?
No; I in this should quite as vain appear
As he that was suppos'd to court the Air.

IV.

No, no; the Substance I must have;
Or, wounded thus, sink to my Grave.
Oh, then return, and be more kind;
'Tis not enough to leave your Form behind:

'Tis

'Tis you, or Death must cure the Wound you gave;
Then be as merciful as fair, and save.

Melancholy Lydia. A Song.

I.

BAnish, my *Ly—dia*, those sad Thoughts:
Why sit'st thou mu——sing so,
To hear the Ug—ly rail at Faults?
They would, they would, but can—not do;
For, let the Guilt be what it will,
So small, so small Account they bear,
That none yet thought it worth their while,
On such an one, on such an one, to be severe:
On such an one to be severe.

II.

With far more Reason thou may'st pine
Thy self, for being fair:
For, hadst thou but less glorious been,
Thou of no Fault would'st hear.
So the great Light that shines from far,
Has had its Spots set down;
Whilst many a little, useless Star
Has not been tax'd with one.

The Power of Wealth. A Song.

I.

IT is not the Silver nor Gold, of it self,
That makes Men adore it, but 'tis for its Pow'r;
For no Man does doat upon Self, because Self:
But all court the Lady, in hopes of her Dow'r.

The Wonders that now in our Days we behold,
Done by th'irresistible Power of Gold,
Our Love, and our Zeal, and Affections do mould.

II.

It purchases Kingdoms, States, Sceptres, and Crowns;
Wins Battels, and conquers the Conquerors bold;
Takes Bulwarks, and Castles, and Armies, and Towns:
Our Prime Laws were written in Letters of Gold.
This lines Men's Religion, builds Doctrine and Truth;
With a Zeal of Profession the Canter endu'th
To chub with kind *Martha*, or sweet Sister *Ruth*.

III.

This Marriages makes; 'tis the Centre of Love;
It draws on the Man, and it pricks up the Woman:
Birth, Vertue and Parts no Affection can move;
Whilst this makes Lords stoop to the Brat of a Broom-man.
Gives Vertue and Beauty to th' Lass that you woo;
Makes Women of all Sorts and Ages to do:
'Tis the Soul of the World, and the Worldling too.

IV.

This Horses procures, and Hawks, Hounds and Hares; (your Gelding:
This keeps your Groom, and your Groom keeps
Buys Citizens Wives, as well as their Wares;
And makes the coy Ladies so coming, and yielding:
Gives boisterous Clowns their insuff'rable Pride;
Makes Knaves and Fools in great Triumph to ride,
Whilst Beggar'd Honesty runs by their Side.

The Separation.

A Paſtoral Song; by a Shepherdeſs.

I.

FArewell my uſeleſs Scrip,
And poor, unheeded Flocks;
No more you'll round me trip,
Or cloath me with your Locks.

II.

Fed by yon purling Stream,
Where *Damon* firſt I knew;
I only think on him,
I cannot think on you.

III.

Farewell each Shepherdeſs;
Ye loving Swains, adieu:
May each his Wiſh poſſeſs,
And to that Wiſh be true.

IV.

Of you, and all that's gay,
Poor *Sylvia* takes her Leave:
You love to laugh and play;
I love to ſigh and grieve.

V.

Your Oaten Pipes could pleaſe,
But *Damon* then was kind:
Your Rural Lays may ceaſe,
The Swain has chang'd his Mind.

VI.

You whom I ſeem'd to hate,
Whoſe Love I paid with Scorn,
Rejoice not at my Fate;
For *Damon* I was born.

VII.

Farewell dear guilty Cauſe
Of faithful *Sylvia*'s Pain;
Thou'ſt broke Love's ſacred Vows,
And wouldſt repent in vain.

VIII.

I'll find ſome gloomy Cell,
Far, faithleſs Swain, from thee;
And there I'll pining dwell,
Till Death ſhall ſet me free.

A Song made on a Lady, upon her fine Singing.

I.

FLoria, whilſt your Tuneful Sound
Diverts the Liſtning Grove,
My Heart receives a fatal Wound,
And moulders into Love.

II.

But, gazing on your wither'd Charms,
I find a ſudden Cure.
So Scorpions heal the fatal Harms
Their Sting makes Men endure.

III.

Then dung the barren Soil with Paint,
If Love be your Deſign:
Though I adore the preſent Saint,
I ſlight the tatter'd Shrine.

IV.

Were but your Beauties like your Voice,
So raviſhingly fair;
You, above others, were a Choice,
I ſhould eſteem moſt rare.

V. But

V.

But since that little Stock you had,
Time has been bold to waste,
I prethee, *Flora*, look not sad
Because by force y'are chaste.

The Injur'd Lady. A Song.

GO, perjur'd Man; and if thou e'er return,
To view the small Remainder of my Urn,
When thou shalt laugh at my Religious Dust,
And ask where's now the Colours, Form and Trust
Of Woman's Beauty; and, perhaps, with rude
Hands, rifle the Flowers which the Virgins strew'd;
Know, I have pray'd to Pity, that the Wind
May blow my Ashes up, and strike you blind;
That so all perjur'd Men may plainly see
Heav'ns Justice in revenging it on thee.

A Martial Song.

I.

HArk, brave Boys, the Cannons roar
From the Warlike *Belgick* Shoar,
Our Conqu'ring Arms prevailing.
Poor *Monsieur* flies,
With piteous Cries,
His Wealth and Courage failing.
The Storm of War drives on apace,
Each Soldier wishes Battle;
While Great *WILLIAM* gives the Chase,
His Thunders bravely rattle.

II. Death,

II.

Death, in Triumph, ſcowrs the Field;
Our Enemies, they faint, and yield,
And leave their daring Standing:
Be Gar, ſays one,
Let us be gone,
King *WILLIAM* is commanding;
On winged Flame the Bullets fly,
Our Men are faint with firing:
Why ſhould we ſtand here to die?
Poor *France* is near expiring.

III.

Let ſuch a Amazement *Monſieur* ſeize,
Till he's humbled on his Knees,
And his high Towr'd Ambition
Do ſtoop as low
As it can go
In Mortify'd Submiſſion;
And willingly, for Peace, reſign
Whatever he has ſwallow'd,
From *Sein*, unto the *German Rhine*,
Or be in Blood ſtill wallow'd.

IV.

And for that Peace he now doth ſue,
Who with Slaughter did embrue
So long his Neighbour-Nations:
But *WILLIAM* Great
O'er-bore his Fate,
And made him cry Ceſſation.
So may War's Lawrels Palms become,
But yet the Peace be glorious,
To refreſh weary'd *Chriſtendom*;
Or ſtill fight on Victorious.

The Infacinated Lover. A Song.

NO, no, no, no; I n---ver can love thee leſs,
For all, for all thy fierce Diſdain;
So faſt thy blooming, ſo faſt thy bloo----ming
Charms increaſe:
Thy ſpark—ling Eyes my Heart op—preſs;
Each Glance renews, each Glance re—news my Pain;
Each Glance re—news my Pain:
No, no, no, no, no; I ne—ver can love thee leſs.
Yet muſt I fare like buſie Flies,
Still to the Bright---neſs turn;
Pur---ſue thee with my wiſh---ing Eyes,
Till as each flaming Bluſh doth riſe,
In ---ſen---ſi---bly I burn.

The Complaint. A Song.

THere's not a Swain on the Plain
Would be bleſs'd like me,
Oh, could you but, could you but, could you but
On me ſmile.
But you appear ſo ſevere,
That with trembling Fear
My Heart goes pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat
All the while.
If I cry, Muſt I die? You make no Reply,
But look ſhy, and with a ſcornful Eye,
Kill me by your Cruelty.
Oh! Can you be, can you be, can you be,
Can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be,
Can you be, can you be ſo hard to me?

A Catch.

A Catch.

I.

COme, fill up a Bumper to *Bacchus*;
Let's see whe'er it sparkles, and's fine:
'Twill make all our Cares to forsake us,
And laugh at all those that repine;

II.

Come, come, it will do, pass it round:
He that says nay, the Reck'ning shall pay,
Were it Five, nay, were it Twenty good Pound.
Come, come Boys, then dust it away.

A Defiance to Love; or, The Soldier's Song.

I.

HE-ro-ick *Mars!* He-ro-ick *Mars!* What Al-(mighty Charms
My troubled Soul ensnare!
I doa——ted still on glit——tring Arms,
And Glo————ries of the War;
Till pee——vish *Cupid* took a Dart,
Pointed with Am'rous Fire;
Which entring in my wounded Heart,
Soft Pas————sion did inspire:
Soft Pas————sion did inspire.

II.

Revenge, Great God, your Vot'ry's Cause,
Exile the wanton Boy:
Let whining Sots obey his Laws,
And all the Plagues enjoy:
For in my Breast there is no room;
Fond Thoughts I disapprove:
I'd sooner perish, than become
A Proselyte to Love.

H.'s

He's pleas'd at last. A Song.

I.

ALL own the young *Sylv'a* is fatally fair;
All own the young *Sylv'a* is pretty;
Confeſs her good Nature, and eaſie ſoft Air;
Nay, more, that ſhe's wanton and witty:
Yet all theſe keen Arrows at *Damon* ſtill caſt,
Could never, could never his Quiet deſtroy,
Till the cunning Coquet ſhot me flying at laſt,
By a *Je ne ſay, Je ne ſay quoy.*
By a *Je ne, &c.*

II.

So, though the young *Sylv'a* were not very fair,
Though ſhe were but indiff'rently pretty,
Much wanting *Aurelia*'s or *Celia*'s ſoft Air,
But not the dull Senſe of the City;
Yet ſtill the dear Creature would pleaſe, without doubt,
And give one abundance of Joy,
Since all that is miſſing is mainly made out
By a *Je ne ſay, Je ne ſay quoy.*

Love's Rapture. A new Play-houſe Song.

I.

YE pretty Birds, that cherp and ſing;
Ye Trees and Plants, that bud and grow;
Ye fragrant Flow'rs, that bleſs the Spring,
Tell me whence comes it you do ſo.
Hark, hark, they anſwer; 'tis Celeſtial Fire,
The Gods call Love, that does all inſpire.

II.

The ſacred Flame that ſweetly charms
My Soul when lovely *Cinthia* ſings,
That all Creation Labour warms,
And Matter to Perfection brings.
The buſie uſeleſs Sun may ceaſe to ſhine,
'Tis Love that ſheds the Influence Divine.

III.

Then Lovers go on, get Heaven betimes;
He that loves well, attones for the worſt of his Crimes.
Jove's Gate is lock'd faſt on the Sordid and Baſe,
But the generous Lover is ſure of a Place;
And the Nymph her *Elyſium* need queſtion no more,
When her Saint has a Key to open the Door.

The Amorous Lover. A new Song.

I.

IN vain, *Meliſſa*, we defend
Our ſelves againſt your conqu'ring Eyes,
Since each Mellodious Breath you ſend
Does through our Ears our Hearts ſurprize.

II.

In you, Love all his Darts employs;
The ſecret Sparks your Eyes inſpire;
The charming Accents of your Voice
Blow up into a raging Fire.

III.

Thus whilſt our Eyes and Ears are charm'd
By either Senſe, we are betray'd;
For all Attempts thus doubly arm'd,
The Conqueſt's ſure when you invade.

IV. So

IV.

So Mariners their Ruin view
When two fierce Elements conſpire;
And whilſt the Eager Flames purſue,
In Crouds they drown, to ſhun the Fire.

The Young Laſs's Advice. A new Song.

I.

SCrape, ſcrape no more your Beardleſs Chins,
Old Beau's, in hopes to pleaſe;
You ſhould repent your former Sins,
Not ſtudy their Increaſe.
Young Fops do daily ſhock our Sight;
But Old offend both Day and Night.

II.

In vain the Coach-man turns about,
And whips the Dapple-Greys;
When the old Ogler looks out,
We turn away the Face.
Young and gay Love will ever charm;
But both affected, cannot warm,

III.

The Summer-Fruits we highly prize,
They kindly cool the Blood;
But Winter-Berries we deſpiſe,
And leave them in the Wood.
On the Buſh they may look well;
But gather'd, fail in Taſte and Smell.

A Song in Two Parts, by Doron *and* Celia.

I.

D. THE World is full of Hurry;
Our Heroes hunt for Glory,
To ſwell our future Story
With Deeds of high Renown.

C. Religion and Ambition
Make us in poor Condition,
Till for our ſad Diviſion
A gen'ral Peace attone.

II.

The brawling War forſaking,
In Love new Trials making,
Inſtead of Cities taking,
I'll ſtorm your Heart alone.

D. When the Enjoyment's haſting
Let Youth be ſlowly waſting,
And Beauty long a taſting,
I'll wiſh no Monarch's Crown.

III.

When firſt the World and Water
Were form'd by the Creator,

C. Three only Things in Nature
Were worth a Mortal's Care.

D. Firſt, Wit in bounteous Meaſure;

C. Then Women for your Pleaſure;

D. And Mod'rate Store of Treaſure,
To entertain the Fair.

The Lover's Encouragement. A new Song.

I.

DEſpair, de——ſpair no more;
The God of Love does Pity take,
He Bleſſings has in ſtore,
And won't the World forſake.
See—ſee, the Fair One ſmiles,
Her ſtormy Frowns are paſt;
They were but Women's Wiles,
To chain Affection faſt.

II.

Come—come, rally once again,
And bravely charge her home,
And you the Conqueſt will obtain,
And ſo reverſe your Doom.
The bold and brave Females admire
But ſlight the ſneaking Tribe;
So *Jove* ſtorm'd *Semele* with Fire,
And *Darie* with a Bribe.

A Call to Peace. A new Song.

I.

WElcome ſweet Peace, approach the wiſhing Iſle,
After long Toils of War, to make us ſmile.
Great Bleſſing of the World, bring Joy again;
And Concord in a jarring Land maintain
After Lawrels reap'd in many a Bloody Field,
Crown us with Palms, and make War to thee yield.

II.

Come gentle Peace, in all thy chearful Dreſs,
Clad in a full Plenty, and laſting Happineſs;
Smile, ſmile upon us; Amends for Abſence make—
And in thy charming Language, to each kind
Comfort ſpeak:
In Palace, and in Cottage, in thy full Glory reign;
Never, never, never to depart again.

Advice to Lovers, A new Song.

I.

COme all you young Lovers, and liſten to me;
All you that wear Chains, and would from
them be free;
You that are neglected with Scorn and Di'dain,
And for your kind Services ſuffer much Pain;
I'll open your Eyes, that you plainly may find,
Love is a Deceiver, and does Reaſon blind.

II.

Thoſe gaudy Deluſions he makes you adore,
Are Things of no value, inſipid, and poor;
Nonſenſical, Apiſh; and borrow each Feature,
As the Jay did his Plumes, from the Spoil of the
Creature;
From Waſhes and Patches, the Sempſtreſs and
Taylor: (fail her.
And, ſtrip'd of theſe Charms, all her Beauty will

III.

'Tis your Folly does raiſe her inſuff'rable Pride;
Your Praiſes in Chariots of Clouds makes her ride:
Call Reaſon then in whilſt your Judgment prevails;
By maſt'ring your Paſſion, you'll take down her
Sails.

Do

Do you but ſtand off, and you'll find ſhe, in brief,
Will meet you half way with her Smock in her Teeth.

The Crafty Jilt. A new Song.

I.

YOung charming *Phillis* has an Air
That makes each Swain admire her;
Yet ſeeks to drive thoſe to Deſpair,
That moſt of all deſire her:
But ſuch as careleſly paſs by,
Regardleſs of her Beauty,
On thoſe ſhe caſts a wanton Eye,
And ſhews them Love and Duty.

II.

She follows thoſe that fly her Charms;
Thoſe that purſue ſhe ſhunneth;
Againſt her Lovers uſes Arms,
But ſtill, defenceleſs, runneth
To court each Ruſtick, and does yield
Her Pleaſures to him *gratis*;
Entices him to Belly-Field,
To hum her *Nunquam ſatis*.

Love's Proſpect. A new Song.

I.

HArk how the Groves and Hills re-ſound
With the Warlike, Martial Sound,
The Drums and Trumpets eccho:
The Noble Warriers now do come,
Laden with new-reap'd Lawreſs, home,
Which a bleſs'd Peace does make O.

II. Thus

II.

Thus, when the Toils of War are done,
And Fears of mighty Dangers gone,
In *Venus* Tents we'll revel;
Thoſe ſofter Wars purſue a-main,
Strong Forts of Beauty quickly gain,
And lay the Proudeſt level.

III.

Repair the Loſs ſtern *Mars* has made,
Storm the Half-Moons where Love has laid
His Magazins of Treaſure.
Reſiſtance will be but in vain;
Nor need the Conquer'd Fear ſuſtain,
When Conqueſt brings ſuch Pleaſure.

The Cautious Maid. A new Song.

I.

GO, naughty Man; you fain would win my (Heart,
To triumph in my Spoils:
But with it I will never part,
For all your craſty Wiles.
You now do promiſe fair,
Yet when your Ends you once do gain,
For poor me you will not care,
But leave me all alone, to ſigh in pain.

II.

Go, naughty Man; this I have try'd before;
And, a'as! I was deceiv'd;
But never, never will be more:
Think not to be believ'd.

Though

Though you to marry me have vow'd,
When once your Ends you do obtain,
Then, then you'll grow so mighty proud,
As to forget your Oaths, and quit me with Disdain.

The Better Choice. A new Song.

I.

WHat can the gaudy World afford,
But trifling Vanities,
Which with true Joys have no Accord?
Those gilded Fopperies
Of Wealth, Ambition, Honour, Pride,
In all their Tinsil Dresses,
Are as when a gay Cloud does ride
On Winds, and forms Expresses.

II.

In various Shapes, to cheat our Eyes,
And would delude our Senses:
Such are all Earthly Vanities,
Nothing true Joy commences.
Then let us raise our Thoughts more high,
Where is true lasting Pleasure;
To Crowns of Stars, above the Sky,
And an unfading Treasure.

The Jovial Lads. A new Song.

I.

COme fill up a Bumper to *Bacchus*,
And let the full Bowl go round;
Let no Good Fellow forsake us,
Till all the Glasses be crown'd:

And

And when they have circled the Board,
Then fill them all up again:
Hang him that does scrape, and does hoard,
To get Wealth, and keep it in pain.

II.

'Tis, 'tis uncertain, all Things that we have,
We nothing with us can carry:
The Miser must go to the Grave,
As well as we Boys that are merry.
Then whilst we live here, let us sing,
And cast away Care and Sorrow:
Come, come, here's a Health to the King;
He's poor that takes care for to Morrow.

FINIS.